THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND THE NEWS OF COMMERCE

VOL. XXVIII. ROBERT BONNER, PUBLISHER, COR. OF WILLIAM AND SPRUCE STS. SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1872. TERMS, $4 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. NO. 24.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1872, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.

NO RAIN!

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

The heavens are brass—the sun—its lurid
And the Warder Angel hath lost the key—
The key that locks the rain in Heaven's cloud—
How is it with you on the land and sea?

Woe for the harvests our toil hath sown,
When seed shall not brighten the blasted land,
For the blight on the bough, and the bud unblown,
For the ripened fruit lifted in barren hand!

The Wilderness hideth her haggard brows
In the dust of the desert, the desert places
Are sick, discovered of the desert beasts,
Stare on with stony inscrutable faces,
Under the molten universal skies.

Watched by the ghosts of unpeopled lands,
Haunted and hemmed by the sun's fierce eyes,
A foul curse resting on livid sands!

The lath hath threatens her meath tryst,
The mare in the traction her wild wings stir,
Like the blood-clutch'en eye of a murderer,
Where the serrated ranks of the wheat and corn
Writhed in the sunlight of fruitful years,
Lies tamarred battalions that take the Morn,
Fruitful and plenty's wasted graves.

In the noisome sloughs of the festering bog
The vulture creeps through the carcass foul,
The raven croaks on the barren hill,
No more, on the brows of Earth, are shed
The dews of the Night and the cloud beauties
The Angel of Rain hath forgotten to bring,
The winds are dead, and their graves forgotten.

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE SPANISH ROSE," "CRAFTY SCARLET," "THE CRIMSON HAND," "MARK HERMES'S LUCK," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

HAWLEY BECOMES PRIME MINISTER.

The noise over was the strangest object in human shape that had ever fallen under Hawley's notice.

He was rather short of stature, and naturally inclined to corpulency, although his frame was now spare, and his leanness to thin that the skin, which was unusually yellow for a person suffering, as he seemed to be, from disease, and he certainly was, for the fact-lines were given to his features by the hand of wild. His mouth was wide, his chin sharp, his beard short and scanty, and his whole aspect was rather wild and gloomy than expressive of unusual suffering.

Hawley saw at a glance that this strange object was a man, and one who had undergone him the previous day, and that he noted not a little to the wonderment with which he gazed upon him.

The dress of the new-comer, so far as it was visible, consisted of a single garment—an immense robe of seal skin, which was drawn close round his neck, and covered all the wearer by a bolt of the same material, and which trailed upon the ground at least a yard behind the feet of the wearer.

The head of this strange thing, after the first glance, he told Will, that this man had lost his nose, it would have been supplied by this extraordinary garment, for by it a solemn dignity with which it was worn.

"He, he!" repeated the stranger. "I was not mistaken, then! 'Tis really a fellow-creature that I see before me! Art friend or foe?"

That depends upon the way in which I am treated," replied Will, quietly, with a vivid recollection of the manner in which he lately suffered.

Well said! Ha, ha! Verily thou art a young man of spirit. But I really and truly see thee?"

Certainly. Hast doubts upon that point?" demanded Will, as he thrust into his pocket the strange manuscript which had come so singularly into his possession.

"Yes. I have—I've been here alone so long!"

Touch me, if they reprimet the proof," offered Will, as he stepped closer to the little stone hut which had been built by the three priests.

The madman reached out his hand with a slow motion and a doubting air. The hand offered he experienced, when his bony hand came in contact with the solid flesh of our hero, was expressed in every possible manner in his looks, gestures, voice and actions.

"It is indeed so!" he murmured, drawing a long breath. "Verily, then am I a living man! Not like all the rest—phantoms! Verily, a new day has come for me! I thank God!"

He wrapped his vast mantle of seal skin around him with a pompous air, and began strutting to and fro upon the level table of the hill, with the solemnity of a monarch engaged in some grand ceremony of state. Now and then he would pause, as if alone intended to be gazed upon and admired.

Will took his one stance. He was lonely—almost despairing. The encounter with this man was better than no company. Even a madman could be able to give him some information, and render him some service. Will, divined, too, that grave interests might be bound up in this wrecked life, and that this was no occasion for the exercise of mildness, conciliation, and a hearty cheerfulness, as was the case with the innocent which although bound to be kind.

He saw that the madman fancied himself some commercial personage, and realized that the best way of getting along with him, even as a matter of policy—at least for the present—was to accept him at his own estimation, and to treat all his ridiculousness with every possible indulgence.

"Right glad am I to see thee," declared the madman, passing suddenly in his walk, and pausing before our hero upon his shoulder. "How art thou?"

"My name is Hawley, sir."

"Hawley? Plain Mr. Hawley?"

Our hero assented.

"Then thou art a subject, Mr. Hawley?"

"Exactly, sire—your majesty's most faithful and loyal subject."

It is well!" exclaimed the madman, with a start of pleased surprise. "My imperial pleasure is great. Whence comest thou?"

"From the island placed at your imperial majesty's command."

"For what purpose?"

"To be able—to serve your majesty."

"Ta well! 'Tis better and better! He, he!"

He extended his hand with a gesture meant to be majestic, but was really full of grave dignity. Will must have wished that he could have seen himself, as he knelt down on what he supposed to be the royal hand, and he accordingly with a kiss. He then arose, and the madman, with a dignified and mighty covenant between himself and the King of Solomon.

"Of majesty's key of reality my satisfaction, declared the madman, "that this is a fortunate day for us both. You are a subject, Hawley, and I am in the act of demanding this all beside us."

This was said with such good-nature and good faith that Hawley could not doubt it.

"Since your majesty did not see me yesterday," he said, "you could not have assembled me."

"Assembled you?"

"And since your majesty did not assemble me, I do not know on what I am here."

"You were assembled by somebody, then?"

"Certainly, your majesty. Did you not learn from behind with a stone, and nearly killed?"

The madman made such a gesture of horror that Hawley's belief in his madness and innocence was confirmed.

"I merely caught a glimpse of the assailant," added Hawley. "Now who can he be?"

"I have an idea as to who he is," declared the madman, strange and approaching voice. "And it is my duty to be frank with you. Know then, my dear Hawley, that, in this island, you are now the only man who is not insane!"

"Not alone! Who is here with us?"

"A madman!"

"A—a—"

A madman" repeated his pretended majesty, lowering his voice, and looking nervously around. "I have never been able to get a glimpse of the rascal—as you did, it seems—but I know that he is here."

"Who is he?"

"Oh, it's almost certain. On that terrible morning, when I was first delivered—in the morning, some two years ago, when I found myself alone and abandoned—my first impression was that there was a crazy man around, and I've looked for the rogue more or less ever since.

"But you've not found him?"

"No. I was not long in getting track of him. I soon found the lair. The rascal had burrowed the hill—was beside us. I found he had set up there a piece of spar for a spy-glass, and he sung out a kind of a song for a fog—evidently with some idea of taking possession of St. Helena, and of pronouncing the fact to the world. You should have seen me put out his light! He, he!" And the madman smiled at the recollection.

"And you made him run?" asked Will.

"Not a bit of it. He, he! I sent his old dressing-gown down to him, and sent his old head after the clothes as far as ever since, and I've not been able to get a glimpse of him. He hasn't even the courage to set up anew his crazy flag and flag-staff."

Hawley drew from his pocket the strange manuscript he had found attached to the impaled head, and, with a gesture, pointed to the word with a question, and called the madman's attention to it and said:

"Here's something, sire, that confirms your majesty's theory of the presence of a madman on the island."

"Something that confirms it! It is the living proof itself, my loyal Hawley!"

"Oh, your majesty has read the document then?"

"Oh, no. I tried to read it, after throwing down the flag-staff, on the occasion referred to, but it's such a lot of crazy rubbish that I couldn't make head or tail of it, and so gave up the job. I tied the thing up again very carefully, and it's been a long while since I've touched it. I'm glad you've found it, Hawley. I'm glad to hear of the fate that woke it. Did you read it?"

"Every word of it over a little."

"And what do you think of it?"

"Why, it seems to me a strange document."

"Strange! Why, it's the strangest document that ever was written! Why, it's the rogue in person! Is he not a strange dog—a strange fellow?"

"Very much so, sire."

"May I ask where your majesty was when you found the document during the last fit of delirium?"

Will's question fell like flakes away to the south-east, in the interior of St. Helena.

"May I inquire what your majesty was doing then?"

"I was looking for Longwood—which has certainly altered the fate of Jamestown, as I can find no trace of it."

Then your majesty did not see me at all yesterday?"

"No, my dear Hawley—neither yesterday nor at any other time. I never saw you until you came down to-day, when I was in the act of descending this hill beside us."

This was said with such good-nature and good faith that Hawley could not doubt it.

"Since your majesty did not see me yesterday," he said, "you could not have assembled me."

"Assembled you?"

"And since your majesty did not assemble me, I do not know on what I am here."

"You were assembled by somebody, then?"

"Certainly, your majesty. Did you not learn from behind with a stone, and nearly killed?"

The madman made such a gesture of horror that Hawley's belief in his madness and innocence was confirmed.

"I merely caught a glimpse of the assailant," added Hawley. "Now who can he be?"

"I have an idea as to who he is," declared the madman, strange and approaching voice. "And it is my duty to be frank with you. Know then, my dear Hawley, that, in this island, you are now the only man who is not insane!"

"Not alone! Who is here with us?"

"A madman!"

"A—a—"

A madman" repeated his pretended majesty, lowering his voice, and looking nervously around. "I have never been able to get a glimpse of the rascal—as you did, it seems—but I know that he is here."

"Who is he?"

"Oh, it's almost certain. On that terrible morning, some two years ago, when I found myself alone and abandoned—my first impression was that there was a crazy man around, and I've looked for the rogue more or less ever since.

"But you've not found him?"

"No. I was not long in getting track of him. I soon found the lair. The rascal had burrowed the hill—was beside us. I found he had set up there a piece of spar for a spy-glass, and he sung out a kind of a song for a fog—evidently with some idea of taking possession of St. Helena, and of pronouncing the fact to the world. You should have seen me put out his light! He, he!" And the madman smiled at the recollection.

"And you made him run?" asked Will.

"Not a bit of it. He, he! I sent his old dressing-gown down to him, and sent his old head after the clothes as far as ever since, and I've not been able to get a glimpse of him. He hasn't even the courage to set up anew his crazy flag and flag-staff."

Hawley drew from his pocket the strange manuscript he had found attached to the impaled head, and, with a gesture, pointed to the word with a question, and called the madman's attention to it and said:

"Here's something, sire, that confirms your majesty's theory of the presence of a madman on the island."

"Something that confirms it! It is the living proof itself, my loyal Hawley!"

"Oh, your majesty has read the document then?"

"Oh, no. I tried to read it, after throwing down the flag-staff, on the occasion referred to, but it's such a lot of crazy rubbish that I couldn't make head or tail of it, and so gave up the job. I tied the thing up again very carefully, and it's been a long while since I've touched it. I'm glad you've found it, Hawley. I'm glad to hear of the fate that woke it. Did you read it?"

"Every word of it over a little."

"And what do you think of it?"

"Why, it seems to me a very

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

should have a 'hard road to travel' in wooing the fair mother. I can have the little imp lost, you see, and then I can have him found, which all makes business, conversation, acquaintance, affection, or what not. Then I can have him carried off by some bold villain—yourself, for instance—and hidden for days or weeks; and at the right time I can pursue and overtake the vile abductor of helpless innocence, and restore the miniature Hawley to his fond feminine parent—to receive such gratitude and consideration as I shall merit."

"By thunder, Captain! you have a head for downright rascality that leaves me a long ways in the rear," said Tom admiringly. "If I'd had your head for business, old Astor would have long since retired from being the richest man in America."

"But since you haven't that head," said Pedder, "the best thing you can do is to let me do the planning, as heretofore, while you continue to carry my plans into execution, exactly as you have so long been doing."

"I ask for no better business."

"Then be at my right hand constantly until Mrs. Hawley becomes Mrs. Luke Pedder. To succeed in what I have undertaken—as I must and will succeed—is a work of great skill and patience. I can't intrude upon the lady; I can't seize her and carry her off, bandit fashion; a blood-and-thunder courtship is out of the question. We are all moving in a matter-of-fact sphere, with nothing dramatical about it, and hence tearing and ranting would here be out of place. The basis of my courtship of the fair 'widow' consists in making myself useful to her, and in manufacturing business to bring us together—"

The waiter serving the couple here made his appearance with their breakfast, but was not long in leaving them to themselves.

"And now, what is it that you want done?" asked Tom, as he began eating.

"As I was about to say to you, when we were talking about Mrs. Hawley, I feel perfectly sure of soon becoming her husband. But I have this one point in common with St. Paul, that I believe in 'works' even more implicitly than in 'faith.'"

"I've seen that 'works' come natural to you," said Tom, smiling. "For instance, the day we made Desolation, you burnt into a piece of oar-blade a very affecting epitaph of one William Hawley who 'fell from this spot,' and whose 'body was not found.' Ha, ha! It makes me laugh to think with what sensations the poor dupe himself must have read it, the first time he visited Table Rock after our departure."

"Well, yes—that little point was well managed," assented Pedder complacently. "As I had prepared that epitaph beforehand, and taken it ashore in my pocket, all I had to do thereafter was to be the last one to leave Table Rock, and to improve my last moment there in sticking up the sad announcement in a conspicuous position. It told Hawley why he had been left, and left me free from suspicion, so that I could meet him to-morrow—if by any chance he should get away from the island—as his best and dearest friend, which he no doubt considers me."

"It's funny though," said Tom, laughing again, "to think of the poor dupe as prowling around the island with a stick of wood in his hand, for want of a better weapon, and searching night and day for the extraordinary 'madman' who assaulted him. Ha, ha! that is *too* rich! It'll be a long time, I think, before he sees anything of a madman—unless he should run mad himself and look at his reflection in the water."

"It's 'works,' therefore, that we must keep adding to our 'faith'—to come back to business," remarked Pedder—"and I'll now tell you in what way a new crop of 'works' are about to sprout."

"Say on, Captain. I've spent an awful amount of money since the *Childers* got into port, and am now ready to resume business."

"I've just seen Mrs. Hawley, as I said," proceeded Pedder. "She received me as she would any other friend who has been very kind and good to her—that is to say, with gratitude and esteem, two very nice qualities upon which to build a temple of love."

"The deuce, Captain! You're getting poetical!"

"I'm always that way, you know, when ladies are concerned, for the fair sex is essentially poetical. Mrs. Hawley received me, therefore—not precisely as she would have received a brother perhaps, for she didn't cling to me as she would have clung to a brother, nor press her fond cheeks and lips to mine; but she did receive me in a way that was as pleasant in the present as promising for the future—in a way that told me, as plainly as words could have done, that, in a few months more or less, she will be Mrs. Luke Pedder."

"So far good! And now what's to be done to deepen the good impression you have made?"

"My call upon the lady to-day was one of business—not only in pretence but in fact. Through the exercise of my influence with Minnell & Co., I had the pleasure of bearing to Mrs. Hawley from them a check to her order for five hundred dollars, with a neat letter, in liquidation of their indebtedness to her husband. Minnell & Co. wrote her that they based their action upon the very flattering report I had made to them concerning her husband, and that little mention of me was most effective, I can assure you. You should have seen the tears in the fair creature's eyes, and the looks she gave me through those tears."

"Glorious! Things are indeed working."

"And having thus started fairly on the race," went on Pedder lightly, "I told her ladyship a cock-and-bull story about a venture I had induced her husband to make the very morning we sailed—a venture in boots for the Australian market, ten cases of kip and rubber, bought at fifty dollars per case, and sold at two hundred and fifty. I told her that her husband had paid for these boots by giving his note for ten months, with my endorsement, and that after providing for this note, the venture had netted her the round sum of two thousand dollars, which sum I handed her on the spot in a check to her order."

"Whew! How you do slash things when you set about it! Two thousand dollars! And Minnell & Co.'s five hundred! Why, you've made her a rich woman! What was your object? But I see what your object was, of course."

"Of course you do, for my object—or rather my several objects—are as plain as the nose on your face. In the first place, just think of the gratitude I awaken and create and call forth by that proceeding! In the second place, I keep her from thoughts of opening a thread-and-needle store, or some vulgar business of the kind; I keep her where she is, with the certainty that she will have leisure to think of my goodness to her; and at the same time I make a friend and veritable ally of her landlady, Mrs. Piper. And finally, I open a wide road to those good 'works' without which no 'faith' is perfect—not only in St. Paul's estimation, but in mine."

"A road opened, eh?" muttered Tom, scratching his head. "I don't see this idea so clearly."

"But you will in just three quarters of a second. I have called upon Mrs. Hawley, and rendered her some service, but our relations were not such as to warrant me in expecting an invitation to call again. I didn't raise the question, therefore—I took a better course: I counterfeited a deep emotion, and tore myself away from the lady without waiting for an invitation to call again—which invitation might or might not have been given."

"But you intend to call again, of course?"

"Certainly, and within three days. Instead, however, of leaving anything to chance, or to a woman's whim, I have laid out my course of action in such a way that Mrs. Hawley is sure to send for me—to invoke my aid as that of a friend—in short, to count upon my services as directly as she would count upon those of a brother."

"Bravo! The game is getting interesting. But how are these relations to be established?"

"I will tell you. A trusty fellow named Tom Breeling will contrive to rob Mrs. Hawley of her checks aforesaid within twenty-four hours—"

"Ah! that's not so easy."

"No, it's not. The job is full of difficulty, but I know your capabilities, and what you have done heretofore, and I am perfectly certain that in some way, by hook or by crook, you will manage to secure those checks. As your wife was once a nurse, and as there is a baby in the house, your wife may be able to assist you in the robbery, or at least pave the way to it. Or you may take a cast of the keys, or use your skeleton keys, or slip into the house under almost any pretence. But whatever your ways and means, I am sure about the results, and am certain that within twenty-four hours the checks will be in my hands, even if it should be necessary for you to enter Mrs. Hawley's sleeping apartment to get them."

Tom touched a call bell nervously.

"This isn't a job to be undertaken on a milk diet," he muttered. "I must have some brandy."

The brandy was soon brought, and the plotters were again left to themselves.

"It's deuced dangerous," Tom then said. "It may amount to a downright 'breaking and entering' before I get through. Suppose I am caught at it?"

"Why, at the very worst, you'll be put upon reasonable bail, and allowed to run away—I, of course, standing the loss. But you won't be caught at it: you'll do the job with all the cleverness with which you are in the habit of doing these things. It's here that all your old education and experience will come to your aid."

"Well, it's a go, of course," said Tom, with quiet decision, as he tossed off a second dram of brandy. "A reasonable man will, of course, stop short of murder; but in New York, if he is backed by plenty of money, he needn't stop short of anything else."

"It's a bargain then, with the understanding that I pay you for the job according to the difficulties you encounter?"

"Yes; with this further understanding, that you also pay me according to the benefits you reap from the transaction."

"Agreed to, of course."

"Then at daylight to-morrow the checks will be in your hands. They will not be drawn or deposited, for to-day is a holiday—the 'ever glorious Fourth,' you know—"

"Yes; and that circumstance has been duly considered," said Pedder quietly. "Those checks were not given to Mrs. Hawley, of course, until I had thought of a plan for making them useful. The whole matter, then, is fully settled and understood between us?"

"Perfectly. I don't see all your ideas yet, but enough for the present. Shall I bring the checks to you?"

"At five o'clock to-morrow morning, if you can secure them in time."

"At five o'clock to-morrow morning I shall call at your house and bring the checks with me."

"Good! I see that your name is still Tom Breeling. And as nothing more remains to be said, and as our breakfast is finished, we'll proceed to business elsewhere—you in your way and I in mine."

The couple separated at the entrance of the restaurant, Pedder springing into a Fulton Ferry stage that was passing. Tom looked after his employer with a singular gleam of speculation in his eyes.

"He'll marry the fair 'widow,' certain," he muttered, "and I shall as certainly quarter myself upon him for the rest of my life. I can't be taking these risks eternally for a mere bread and butter consideration. This little plot against Hawley is just as sure to make my fortune, as it is to make Pedder's felicity, or my name's not Tom Breeling."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN INFANT TERRIBLE.

BY R. W. EASTERBROOKS.

Little Willie Ainsworth perched himself on big Will. Hartly's knee, and proceeded deliberately to his self-appointed duty of making that gentleman [illegible]. To do the youngster justice, he hadn't the slightest idea of what he was about.

"Mr. Hartly, do you know what my sister Nell. says you are?"

Mr. Hartly's face told of both ignorance and interest. Truth to tell, Miss Nellie Ainsworth's opinion was just then of considerable importance to him. His small companion scarcely waited his negative, but went on.

"She says you're a lazy spendthrift. What's that, Mr. Hartly?"

The gentleman's handsome face flushed hotly, and without answering the child's question, he put him hastily down, and rose to his feet. He would probably have left the house without waiting for the lady whom he had called to see, but at that moment she entered. He scarcely touched her outstretched hand, but, after a very distant greeting, said:

"Miss Ainsworth, will you please tell me upon what premises you base your conclusion that I am 'a lazy spendthrift?'"

One glance at her little brother's tell-tale face revealed to the young lady the whole state of the case. Certainly she was courageous, for she answered immediately, though the rich scarlet in her cheeks told its own story of embarrassment.

"I think you are lazy, Mr. Hartly, because you are well and do nothing. I think you are a spendthrift, because—" Here she hesitated, and glanced far more expressively than she was aware over to the little alcove where, in their delicate brown wicker frame-work, the rarest of exotics danced in the pleasant breeze.

"Oh, I understand," said he, in a sort of proud bitterness, interpreting aright both her hesitation and her glance. "Perhaps some day you will find that you have done me injustice. Until then I will bid you good-bye." And with one little frigid inclination, Mr. Hartly had gone.

Left to herself, Miss Nellie Ainsworth, with most humiliating inconsistency, burst into tears.

"The idea," she murmured between her sobs, "of my daring to criticise Will. Hartly! And I didn't know anything about it either—only what Aunt Nancy said; and she don't like him, just because she wants me to marry somebody else. I ought to be ashamed of myself."

And under the influence of this last emotion, Miss Ainsworth sat down to her writing table and hastily dashed off the following little note:

"I am sure that I have done you injustice, and write to beg your pardon. That speech was a hasty one, and was made in consequence of reports which I had no business to credit. Will you forgive me? And allow me to be

"Your friend, NELLIE AINSWORTH."

She finished this with a sigh of satisfaction; then, after folding and directing it, left the room.

A moment after Willie Ainsworth entered, and looking at the envelope lying so innocently on the rosewood desk, he said:

"Oh, it's for Mr. Hartly. I guess I'll take it down to him, and make him give me a ride." And the self-constituted post-office seized the billet, and hurried out toward Mr. Hartly's residence.

Mr. Hartly's handsome horse stood prancing at the gate, and once on the back of the spirited animal, the note in Willie's pocket was as entirely forgotten as though it had never been written.

"I can't give you a very long ride, Willie," said Mr. Hartly to his delighted namesake. "I am going away in the evening train."

"Where to?" asked the disappointed little fellow; "and how long are you going to stay?"

"I'm going a great many miles off, and I don't exactly know how long I shall remain." With which the small questioner was forced to be content.

A few moments after they parted, and Willie returned home with his news. His sister's anxiety concerning the mysterious disappearance of her note was forgotten in these new disclosures, and so Master Willie escaped without question or censure. As he was undressing that night, the note slipped from his little pocket and fell upon the floor. He picked it up, and his childish face showed considerable perplexity.

"I ought to ha' given it to him this afternoon," he murmured. "I'll keep it till he gets home, an' then give it to him."

And having hidden it safely away in the bottom of his little tool chest, Master Will. said his prayers, and crawled into bed with a pleasant sense of duty done.

Six months passed by, and Will. Hartly returned. During his absence his friends had learned that he had completed his studies for the medical profession two or three years previous, and, being rich, had been treating, all along, the poor people in the suburbs. These he had doctored freely and continuously, and the townsfolks' knowledge of this fact will explain why Will. Hartly, on his return to his native town, should find himself transformed into a hero.

Nelly Ainsworth avoided him conscientiously.

"If I could have shown him that I believed in him before everything was proved, I wouldn't have cared," she mused sadly; "but now, as it is, I don't want to see him."

And for some time she succeeded in keeping out of the gentleman's way; but one evening, as she and Willie were standing by the gate, he came down the street on horseback.

"Oh, Mr. Hartly, Mr. Hartly," called the boy loudly, much to her dismay.

The gentleman reined in his horse, with a bow to the lady.

"I want you to finish that ride you half gave me the night you went away. You said you would when you got back."

"All right!" And Mr. Hartly leaped lightly off his horse. "Come out here. I never forget my promises."

But Master Will. was in no hurry. The gentleman's watch chain attracted his attention.

"Oh, Mr. Hartly, you've got a new chain; and what funny little things!" handling, with evident admiration, the foreign guards attached. "Do they open?"

Before the gentleman could answer, the busy little fingers had solved the question for themselves, and the largest one lay open.

"Oh, there's a picture!" said the small discoverer; but before he could look further, his companion had closed the tiny ornament, and placed the chain back in its rightful place.

Nellie noticed his evident agitation, and formed her own conclusions. Will. expressed his thoughts without disguise.

"Was that your sweetheart, Mr. Hartly?" he asked curiously.

"What a question!" said the gentleman, with a little laugh, which Nellie knew to be forced. "Come, are you ready?"

"In a minute," said the boy, hurrying to the house, as a sudden thought struck him. "I've got something for you; just wait till I get it."

So Mr. Hartly had no choice but to wait.

Nellie's principal feeling, as they stood there alone by the gate, talking the most common of commonplaces, was one of thankfulness that she had had no opportunity of re-writing or delivering that little note so strangely lost on the evening of his departure.

"He might have thought I cared for him if he had received it," she mused; "but as it is, he can't think anything of *that* kind." And in her strangely sad triumph that his thoughts were likely to be of such an entirely different character, she failed to notice her brother's reappearance until she heard him say:

"There, Mr. Hartly, I've kept that for you ever since the night you went away. I had it in my pocket then, but I forgot it till after I got home; so I just put it away and waited."

Nellie, looking up to see what this well-preserved article could be, saw with a gasp her own note of six months ago passed over into Mr. Hartly's hand.

"You see," Will. went on proudly, not at all noticing his sister's distressed face, "Nell left that on her desk, and I just took charge of it."

"I am very [illegible] with considerable calmness, proceeded to open the tiny envelope.

Then Nellie Ainsworth found words, for, extending her hand, she said, in a tone she would have given a fortune to have kept from trembling:

"Mr. Hartly, please give me that note."

The gentleman looked into her face for one second, and something in the scarlet cheeks and downcast lids emboldened him strangely, for without a "Forgive me!" he opened the note and read it through. Then he turned to her, and said very softly:

"Did you ask me for this because its contents are not supposed to hold good now?"

"Not exactly," she stammered, something in his voice only adding to her confusion.

"I am glad of that," he said quietly.

Then, interpreting correctly her little timid glance at the mysterious guard, he disengaged it from the chain, and pressing it open, passed it over into her hands, saying:

"This is yours, justly. What will you do with it?"

She looked at it, recognizing herself, in a sort of happy glow; then, after a moment's hesitation, passed it back to her companion.

A few minutes after, Willie Ainsworth testified to the condition of things after this wise:

"Oh, ma, Mr. Hartly kissed sister Nell. down at the gate, and she never said a word!"

THE PATCHWORK BED-QUILT.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I don't know whether I shall make it 'Job's Troubles,' or 'Log Cabin,' or 'Flight o' Birds,'" said Mrs. Hay meditatively. "I wouldn't have it no common pattern, not for a good deal!"

"I am sure it will be beautiful," said Cornelia Carrick, balancing the dainty gold thimble on her taper fingers, and looking out over the golden mid-summer landscape to where Jason Hay was reaping, on the sunshiny uplands.

The blackbird was singing, in its wicker cage, where the hop-vine swung tasseled tufts of green over the farm-house door; the checkered reflection of the swaying greenery lay like a lattice-work on the clean board floor, and the yellow-belted bees were humming among the sweet-williams along the path.

"It's dreadfully dull," thought Cornelia. "If it wasn't for that handsome Jason, I wouldn't stay here another day for all the bothering old doctors in creation!"

For Miss Carrick, having danced the roses from her cheek and nearly destroyed her digestion by lobster salad, iced champagne and *pâte de foie gras* at one o'clock in the morning, had been sent out in the country to "recruit," with plenty of worsted-work patterns, a box of books and a set of croquet. And the Hay Farm had been selected as the head-quarters of Hygeia by old Dr. Doddridge, who had been a boy among these health-giving hills himself.

But even while these ungrateful meditations passed through Miss Carrick's brain, Mrs. Hay watched her, and thought she never had seen a lovelier person in all her life.

"She's as pretty as a picture," she thought, "and it's plain enough that she's getting partial to our Jason. Jason was always high-minded, and there's not a girl in all the neighborhood for ten miles round would have suited him. Delf-ware wouldn't satisfy him; it's the fancy china *he* wants. And I don't know but that it's natural enough. A rose *is* pleasanter to look at than a bunch of sage, though there's no denying that the sage is the most useful of the two."

Cornelia Carrick was very fair to look upon, as she sat there, in her pale blue muslin, with frills of dainty lace at her throat and wrists. She was a blonde, with a skin like a white rose leaf, great innocent blue eyes, with silky brown fringes and drooping white lids, and hair like a mist of floating vaporous gold—hair that she "did" in a marvelous and enchanting fashion, which was a perpetual source of wonder to the country girls in the vicinage, who saw Miss Carrick in her walks, and once a week at the church whose spire pointed up from a cluster of swaying, umbrageous elms. And she had a guitar with her, to which she sang all sorts of delicious little ballads and barcaroles; and she took long strolls in the woods to collect various specimens of ferns, and she was interested in botany, and eager to learn how to catch the gold-flecked trout that haunted a certain dark, silent stream in the woods; and altogether Hay Farm was a different place when Miss Carrick was there.

Honest, stalwart Jason himself became as if were transformed, in the light of the sunny-haired enchantress' smiles. He had never cared much for female society before, but now he haunted Cornelia's presence like a shadow.

"Mother," he said wistfully, "do you suppose it is possible that she can care for a rough country fellow like me?"

Mrs. Hay surveyed her son over the tops of her gold spectacles with mild maternal pride.

"I don't want to flatter you, my boy," said she, patting his shoulder, "but I think she likes you pretty well. There's one thing at least, 'faint heart never won fair lady;' so take courage."

And Jason, who, unlike most modern young men, believed that his mother was one of the wise women of the world, took hope accordingly, and accompanied Cornelia on her fern-seeking expeditions, and sat beside her long summer afternoons, where the trout poles glistened in the stray sunbeams that sifted their way through canopies of green, and the drowsy trumpet of the cicadas sounded overhead.

Until at length a letter came from Lexington Avenue, and Cornelia announced to her hostess that she must go back to New York the next day.

Mrs. Hay broke out into exclamations of regret and deprecation, but Jason said never a word. But Cornelia could see that he had grown very pale.

"I am *so* obliged to you both for the delightful summer I have had," said she sweetly. "I shall miss dear Hay Farm sadly; but mamma wishes me to meet her at Long Branch, and of course my first duty is to her."

"Cornelia," said the good matron, smiling with conscious pride, "you must take the Job's Troubles bed-quilt home with you. It's all quilted, and lined and bound, as neat as a pink, though I say it that shouldn't say it. And I meant it for you all along."

"For *me!* That beautiful bed-quilt? Oh, Mrs. Hay, I ought not to take it."

"Yes, but you ought," said Mrs. Hay. "It's for you. And Jason will go back with you. It isn't proper that you should travel alone."

"I couldn't think of troubling him," cooed Cornelia, with a blue sidelong flash from under the silky brown lashes.

"Trouble!"

That was the only word that Jason Hay spoke, but Cornelia understood him for all that, and the soft velvety bloom came to her cheek.

She laughed to herself that night as she packed the Job's Troubles quilt into her trunk.

"Horrid old-fashioned thing!" said she, curling her short upper lip, "it takes up more room than it is worth; but what can I do? It may answer for the seamstress' bed."

And she crept into the lavender-scented sheets and fell fast asleep; while in the next room poor Jason lay wide awake, with a throbbing heart.

"Miss Carrick," he said, the next day, as he drove her to the railway station, "I—I want to say something to you; and yet I hardly think it is necessary, for you must know, without my putting it into words, that I love you."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" lisped Cornelia, opening the blue eyes wide, and clasping together her tiny white hands, where there was a dimple at each joint. "I'm sure I never meant—I [illegible] engaged for a year."

"Engaged!"

"Yes—to Mr. Cressington. Now you won't be vexed, will you? Because I *do* like you ever so much, Jason—you'll let me call you so, won't you?"

Involuntarily he drew back. "Vexed—no. But I am deeply *grieved*, Miss Carrick."

And nothing more could he say.

Miss Carrick went back home rejoicing as might an Indian chief who has won a new scalp.

"I knew he'd come to that before it was through with," said she to herself. "Let me see; that makes the fifth offer I've had since Easter. Isn't it fun? But I wouldn't have Cressington know it for the world."

So Cornelia forgot it.

Ten years had passed by—ten years during which Jason Hay never saw or heard of the false, lovely siren who had won his love, and then tossed it away from her. And one sultry summer afternoon he was passing the dreary locality in Seventh Avenue where second-hand goods are exposed for sale, and pawnbrokers lurk behind their tawdry display of goods, like tigers behind the reeds of an East Indian jungle, when, lo! and behold, he saw, idly swinging in the dust-freighted wind, the very patchwork bed-quilt, with its rainbow tracery of "Job's troubles," that his mother had toiled upon that enchanted summer that he never should forget.

He went in at once and inquired the price.

"Six dollars, sir," said the showy, over-dressed woman who stood behind the counter.

"Can—can you tell me who left it here?" hesitated Jason.

"Very easily, sir, by looking at the books. She's a customer of ours." And turning over the greasy leaves of a much bethumbed ledger, she read, "Cornelia Carrick, No. —, Peckard street, third floor front."

"She works a sewing machine," said the woman carelessly—"she and her mother. They've seen better days, I guess; but, la! they all have, if you come to that."

"I will send for the quilt this afternoon," said Jason faintly, as he laid down the money. "I—I think these people are old friends of mine."

He went straight to Peckard street, his heart dying within him as he mounted the dusty, carpetless wooden stairs, and knocked at the warped door of the third-story front room.

"Come in!" sounded from within, and pushing open the door, he entered.

It was a miserably small room, scantily furnished, and desolate with the pitiless glare of the August sunshine. By the one window stood a whirring sewing machine, before which sat—Cornelia Carrick.

Herself, yet how changed! The gold-bright hair cut close to her head; the satin skin pale, and seamed with innumerable fine wrinkles; the roses and dimples and velvet-soft curves all gone! And Jason Hay could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses.

Mrs. Carrick, in a crimped widow's cap and rusty black gown, sat by, laboriously "finishing" the garments that Cornelia was seaming, on the machine. Both started at the sight, not of their landlord, nor some other greedy dun, but a tall, swarthy, handsome man. Cornelia covered her face with her hands.

"Jason!" she ejaculated.

"You see I've found you out, Miss Carrick," said he huskily. "Why didn't you let me know you were in trouble? Mother used to be very fond of you once, you know, Cornelia, and now that she's gone—"

Jason broke down here, and a great sob rose up in his throat.

He took the poor little widow and Cornelia home to Hay Farm, and was a son and brother to them as long as they lived.

But nothing more. He had loved a beautiful ideal, not Cornelia Carrick as she actually was—and the roses of a bygone time were faded on the grave of his buried love. And Cornelia lived unmarried to the end of her days.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Now, Johnny," said a venerable lady to her six-year-old nephew, who was persistently denying an offence of which she accused him, "I know you are not telling me the truth; I see it in your eye." Pulling down the lower lid of the organ that had so nearly betrayed his veracity, Johnny exultingly replied, "You can't tell anything about it, aunt; *that eye always was a little streaked!*"

AN old gentleman remonstrated with his married son, who did not live on good terms with his wife, on the impropriety of their contentions, since, in the eye of human and divine law, they were one. "I don't know how that may be," replied the young man, "but I'm certain that if you passed our door when we were quarrelling, you'd think we were at least twenty."

DURING a recent trial in the Supreme Court, the presiding Judge interrupted a lady who was giving her testimony, and remarked that her statements were irrelevant, whereupon she bridled up and exclaimed, "I should like to know, Judge, who is the witness in this case, *you* or *I?*" The Judge smiled, and the witness went on with her story without further interruption.

THE grandmother of a little girl tried to break her of the habit of saying that people lied, and instructed her to say that they were mistaken. A few days afterward, her grandma, to amuse her, told her a bear story, which was hard to believe. After she had finished, the little grandchild looked up in her face and exclaimed, "Grandma, that's the biggest *mistaken* I ever heard!"

"I SHOULD think," said a customer to a green boy in an apothecary's shop, "that they couldn't catch codfish enough to supply all the cod-liver oil that is sold now-a-days." "O," replied the boy, "you see they make it now out of any fish's liver, and when they can't get fish enough, dogs and cats come in splendid!"

SAID Anna to her lover, "Augustus, why art thou so dull? Is there nothing that can animate thee?" With a look of fond and deathless devotion beaming upon his countenance, Augustus replied, "None but thee can Anna-mate me, darling. Speak! Wilt thou?" She spoke, and the cup of his animation was filled to overflowing.

LITTLE Robbie's mother reached for him with her slipper the other day, for purloining the raspberry jelly, and was surprised to hear him laugh soon after. "What are you laughing at?" she asked. "I was thinking how I fooled you by keeping my mouth shut," said Robbie; "it was Susie that hooked the jelly."

THE other day a little boy who had cut his finger, ran to his mother, and cried, "Tie it up, ma, tie it up quick, for the juice is all running out!" The same urchin, on one of the late excessively hot days, appealed to his mother for help, saying, "Ma, do fix me up, *for I'm leaking all over!*"

A LITTLE three-year-old boy in Hartford, in attempting to console his mother, who was watching by the death-bed of his little sister, said, "Don't cry, mamma. If Nelly wants to die, let her die. It'll be so nice for her to have her own way just once!"

A YOUNG man in Poughkeepsie made a call at the house of his affianced, and after he got there he found that the house was quarantined on account of small-pox, and he had to stay there for a fortnight.

THE balance of trade is disturbed in Wilmington, N. C., by the fact that water-melons are only three cents apiece, while cholera mixture is half a dollar a bottle.

THE insanity of *ex-King George of Hanover, who thought he was dead,* was almost as absurd as that of some of our fossil politicians who think they are alive.

"WHY," asks a disconsolate widow, "is venison like my late and deeply lamented husband?" Everybody giving it up, the widow says, "Because it is the *deer* departed."

SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY—"How long does the honeymoon last, mamma?" *Practical Mother*—"Until you ask your husband for money."

WHY is the tolling of a bell like the praying of a hypocrite? Because it is a solemn sound by a thoughtless tongue.

A YOUNG flirt who keeps a collection of locks of hair of his lady friends, calls them his hair-breadth escapes.

WHY is an old pocket handkerchief like an old ship? Because it has experienced many a hard blow.

A MAN who trumpets his own fame usually has a brass countenance.

THE line of a lady's love is supposed to be the mascu-line.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A MAN in London recently went to bathe, accompanied by a monkey, which he was in the habit of taking about with him. Having undressed himself, he placed the monkey on his shoulder, secured by a chain, and waded into the water breast high. The monkey became frightened, rushed frantically around his master's head, and tightly twisted the chain around his neck, producing semi-strangulation. In a moment they went to the bottom, but were rescued by a boatman near by. The man was very black in the face, and remained for some time in a state of stupor.

IN Alabama convicts are hired out to work on the railroads. Each has an iron spike about eighteen inches long around his ankle, held by a chain which reaches up to the waist. This contrivance keeps them from running. They trip and fall whenever making the experiment. The contractors feed, clothe, and guard the convicts, and pay the State forty cents a day for each man's labor. For every six months they faithfully work on the road, a month is taken from their term of imprisonment.

A FORSAKEN looking woman, who, with a pair of green spectacles over her eyes, and an infant in her arms, has been working upon the sympathies of the Worcester people by grinding doleful tunes from an asthmatic hand-organ, which bore a placard announcing that the performer was a poor blind woman, and the mother of ten fatherless children, turns out to have a good pair of eyes, while her baby is only a rag affair!

ON the track of the Hudson River Railroad, the other day, a man carrying a trunk was run down by an express train. The locomotive struck him, throwing him into the air, and in descending he alighted on the pilot, hanging suspended by his clothes, head downward, a few inches from the ground. The train was stopped, and it was found he had sustained no serious injuries, and the next day was about his work as usual.

SWITZERLAND is said to be the only country in Europe where more money is spent on education than on the army. The educational budget is two millions of francs, while the military expenses remain below that sum; yet, when needed, the little republic can raise an army of two hundred thousand men.

ON Tuesday of last week, a man crawled under a freight car at North Adams to take a nap, and the noon express train from Albany, in backing down the track, struck the freight car, and driving it over the sleeping man, cut off both his legs and crushed him so badly that he died in a few hours.

A MAN who has spent most of his time in Connecticut jails for the last twelve years was released from a term of imprisonment in the Hartford Penitentiary on Monday morning, immediately got drunk, assaulted a peaceable citizen, and was snugly quartered in his old cell before night.

A LITTLE girl twelve years old, living in Quinsigamond, Mass., thought to quicken a fire by pouring kerosene upon it, when an explosion took place, and herself and a babe lying in a cradle were enveloped in flames and terribly burnt. They are still alive, however, and may recover.

A LOT of newly appointed policemen in Albany were so excited over official honors that they went into a bar-room on Sunday night, got drunk, had a free fight, and were arrested and locked up in the station-house by some of the veterans on the force.

AS a minister at St. Louis was leaving his church, at the conclusion of the service, one of his congregation stopped him somewhat roughly, and thanking him for his excellent sermon, handed him what he said it was worth—a hundred-dollar note.

A MICHIGAN paper says, "An aged African injudiciously exhibited ten cents in the street, in Detroit, the other day, whereupon he was followed into an alley and garroted by an enterprising citizen."

A KALAMAZOO judge fined a reporter for appearing within the bar of the court room in his shirt sleeves; but the reporter proving that he hadn't any coat, the fine was remitted.

THE keeper of a lager-beer garden in Hartford, becoming despondent on account of the progress of temperance, shot himself through the lungs, and died in a few hours.

THERE are one million six hundred and eighty-three thousand paupers in Great Britain.

MOTHERS AND ALL.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Call it not a mere fond fancy,
Of the dother mother, who
Hears a voice from heaven whisper
Comes her sleeping infant's name;
But think it an intuition,
And from truth the rapture lies;
For thou o'er this sweet, pure slumber,
Blessest may be given from skies.

By such sacred misinterpretation,
Of the voice of angels, who, in calm,
Come and number their sweet graces
In my grandsire to Him,
While she lengthens love of husband,
Till, with many a tender kiss
On the baby's rosy cheeks,
All her being's overflowing
Into one sweet, gushing tear,
And in feeling be enabled,
For we once were infants too
Nor have doubts that yet the Helpers
Minister to God's creatures,
Mindful of our broken, earthen,
Weakness to give love through life.

Oh, it is a Faith most holy,
Full of strength as heaven of stars,
Shadowing the Future Heaven
Sparkles through these earthly bars!
Then, my gentle Mother Mary,
Thou shalt be my Helper
By you throne, and in Life's labors,
May we to your homes be free!

A BONE of CONTENTION.
—OR—
The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF DARLINGTON," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF KILLARNEY," "ALL FOR LOVE," ETC., ETC.

A RAISING CASE.—BEAU NASH.

CHAPTER XIII.

A WELL-MATCHED COUPLE.

At the moment of Darrel Moor's intrusion into the morning room of Floyd Manor, and into the presence of its handsome and beloved mistress, Miss Floyd was, as we have said, standing at one of the long French windows opening upon the park. She was dressed in a morning gown of pale blue cashmere, trimmed where its hem, upon its front, and upon the neckline and sleeves with a rich embroidery of white silk, and fastened at the throat and waist with a belt of this fabric and a gold buckle. Her hair, worn at the waist, fell in two heavy braids of dark brown, by which was set the fashionable gleam of gold, was puffed and crimped and curled in a style that would have been unsuitable for a full-dress occasion.

She had been exulting in the grandeur of her prospects, and repeating to herself the title she expected some day to bear, when she watched the fallow-deer in the park, the stately swans on the lake, and the rich and magnificent array of horses belonging to the gardener's staff as they raked the few dead leaves of autumn, till, as unwonted sparkles in her eyes, and a deeper flush on her cheeks, and surveyed him with a cool indolence that might have chilled a stouter heart.

But Darrel Moor was not a man to be abashed.

His dark, handsome face, Italian in its colouring and features, lighted up as he approached Miss Floyd, exclaiming:

"Let me also welcome you to Floyd Manor, Cousin Hilda. I am Darrel Moor, whom you have explained as the heir of Floyd Manor, who is my uncle, but I am your friend, nevertheless, and I trust you will not refuse my acquaintance."

He extended his hand. Miss Floyd, with an expression of pleased surprise on her fair face, yielded him her hand, which he clasped with a lingering pressure.

"I have heard of you, Mr. Moor," said Miss Floyd graciously. "You were a favorite of my cousin, I believe. I am glad to see you, Grandpapa will be glad to see you, also," she added, seeing, that his father was not present, "for you are the very grand hero, Mr. Moor," and she released her hand from his and her glance strayed from the window with an expression of pride to the prospective ownership of the Manor, "but it is horrid poky and dull. The house ought to be filled with company."

"I suppose you will go to town very soon with your uncle, Miss Floyd," remarked Darrel Moor, studying her face, and in it set down as a handsome woman.

"No, not unless my uncle insists upon it. Grandpapa is old, and he's not well yet, and he thinks Floyd Manor does him good. Yorkshire is terribly dull even after London, and grandpapa would have me to the Paris for a season. Do you find grandpapa such a bore?" she asked Mr. Moor if he never be crossed to anything, and does he sit up to supper upon our simple country fare?"

Darrel Moor smiled, as he responded:

"I have not yet had the honor of the Lord of Waldemar Castle Hilda. I suppose I may call you cousin? My uncle is stern and irritable when angered, but he is a kind man and even tender-hearted, and I foresee that he will be very fond of you."

"I hope he will," said Miss Floyd absently. "I should like to be able to twirl the old man around my fingers. But I could never be fond of him. His voice has been black eyes seem as if they would look me through and through, and I am afraid of him. I am very considerate, and mind my questions about my early life, and about my parents and Mrs. Wadeline—she's not at all like you, Mr. Moor, and my present companion—and his ugly horses, and he warned me to look out for a cold, cruel smile, and once or twice he looked at me as compassionately as if I were a condemned wretch, instead of his grandaughter and heiress. And he warned me not to be too eager to deceive him—horrid old fellow! Cousin Darrel, you do, if he is to be my guardian, Cousin Darrel."

"Your beautiful frankness enchants me," said Darrel Moor. "I foresee that we shall be friends. Floyd Manor has never had a mistress more beautiful than you, and many the Floyds have been famed for their fair women. You will make a great sensation in London, Cousin Hilda."

Miss Floyd seemed to seem to warn Darrel Moor. She loved flattery as she loved sapphires, and neither could be too highly flattered, and her pronounced taste for the one down in a chair beside the window, and motioned her guest to a seat in a couch near at hand.

He obeyed. The light fell full upon her face, and he compared her countenance, feature for feature, with the portrait of Lady Honor Glint, which was painted on his mind with the vividness of a daguerreotype.

Miss Floyd was scarcely an slight of figure as Darrel Moor, and not the willowy grace and lithesome that characterized Mr. Moore's wife. The golden glory of Honor's hair and the dark, blackness of Hilda's seemed to me counterpart in the features of Miss Floyd, Honor's eyes, frank blue, with its proud sweetness, the same month, the pure calm brow, the same contour of face, but in Miss Floyd were darkened and heightened by all its damask rose cheeks, and selfish, sensual lines and discontent of expression.

"Honor is a pure gem; this girl is but paste," thought Moor, with a stifled sigh.

Why could not Honor have been Miss Floyd? Why could she not have been the heiress? Some cursed fatality must be at work against me. Honor is the only woman I ever loved—and by Heaven, I love her now, even while I hate her for standing in my way. The heiress is pretty, however, and vain, and if she is not heartless, she is cold, and I can make her straight to her very soul and vary soiled heart. If I play my cards aright—and get rid of Honor—I can easily make myself master of Waldemar.

While he thus studied Miss Floyd, and registered his mental decision concerning her, that young lady was asserting herself that "Cousin Darrel" was one of the handsomest men she had ever seen. His languid drawl in speaking, his indolent manner, his coolly assuming place, his easily flattery, all impressed her as peculiarly high-bred, and reminded of the slighting manner in which she had read and dreamed, and which she had seen in the novels and romances Mrs. Moor and Miss Hilda had made known to a hundred women. He had taught himself all the arts of fascination, and had played with hearts as a pastime. His dark, Italian face, still youthful looking, was one that could preserved as any woman's, and it was near enough to Miss Floyd to see its very texture, stating to her.

"I know that I shall like you, Cousin Darrel," said the young lady, with an affectionate smile, and a pressure of his hand. "I know you will stay at Floyd Manor as long as you can, and I shall be very glad of your company. I cannot bear the idea of wandering alone through these immense rooms, with not a soul to speak to."

"You have your companion, Hilda?"

"Mrs. Watchley?" said Miss Floyd, with a contemptuous shrug of her shoulders. "Oh, yes, I suppose so, but she was my friend governess, and I don't like her to be my slave. She's very clever, and I'm very fond of her, but she is not my bird mate, and I can't forget the fact. My grandpapa makes her set up as my companion at a high salary, I don't see. He might have given me a maid, I should say. You see, Cousin Darrel, Mrs. Watchley presences on the fact that she is related me and brought me up, and she persists in ordering her advice upon me at all times, and forces her lower-class ideas upon me, and is always urging me to flatter grandpapa and make him love me. What differences can it make to me whether he loves me or not? He is my grandfather and I'm the heiress, you see, Mr. Moor. I am sure of succeeding him, so what's the use of degrading myself to flatter him?"

"What, indeed?" said Darrel Moor.

"The only thing is to avoid angering him," continued Miss Floyd, the color deepening in her cheeks, as she strummed one jewelled hand upon the arm of her chair, and looked out by the lower sash of the window, "there will be no trouble, unless I marry some one distasteful to him, for I shall not be left out, as he turned out papa, without a penny. And he has a right to do so, for papa died of starvation, just as papa did."

"It would be safer to marry some one whom he likes," said Moor insinuatingly. "To be sure, your choice is not a large one, there are so few favorites. He thinks the young men of the day are effeminate and degenerate. There are but two young men he ever speaks of to Hilda. One of them is Sir Hugh Pregrion, a young Cornishman, a relative of your old guilt."

Miss Floyd smiled coquettishly, perfectly comprehending the meaning contained within the words of Darrel Moor's speech.

"I don't know that I shall marry before I am twenty-one," she said, carelessly, "and I should like to have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Darrel, and be surrounded by seniors, and be haughty and queenly, and make conquests, if at last. I don't see why Lady Waldemar, as I should be, should marry a baronet. I am to be presented in London by the Marchioness of Rockingham, and I shall have a chance to see Lord Waldemar's grandson, and if he looks like, as I shall become so familiar with titled English people as I have been, I shall be very nobodies. But you don't look particularly interested in me, Mr. Moor," she added, with a pout of displeasure, "and I have been very confidential to you. Mr. Moor, I hope I shall be re-lieved from the horrid Mrs. Watchley after that's complaint of your graciously, sir. Many I ask you to ring for her? I wish to tell her that I shall not require her services any longer, for it," interrupted Moor impatiently. "I am not a servant, and I am sure I am much bigger than mine, Sing, and that I shall have more room to move about in. I am glad I did you succeed in this little affair at Bolton-le-Moors, and I shall be taking care of you in her pocket of his coat a long buttonn pocket-book, richly and elaborately engraved with gold. He unlocked it with a tiny key that hung at his watch chain, and drew forth a folded paper.

"And if there were a long pedigree, and the young lady sedulously—if grandpapa was to leave me his money, I would make a change in the line of succession, would you not?"

"Yes, I am the son of the elder brother. I supposed myself the future Baron Waldemar of Waldemar Castle, and I mean to have this morning with some bitter thoughts. But I can say now, with a light heart, as I say the original, 'The king is deposed; long live the king!' I am glad to see you, cousin, and I hope we shall be friends."

Nothing could occur that would depose Darrel Moor from the position he now occupied, "I know—to-me a vulgar phrase—upon which side my bread is buttered. I never be so foolish as to marry against grandpapa's will, on pain of poor pay."

"By the way, I cannot trace your father's name in the family tree," said Darrel Moor, "I see a Darrel, but no father's name. Was he a black sheep, and was yours is fawn color. His eyes were black, his hair was very light. I have seen a face that reminds me of more vividly of late, and your voice and manner remind me. Your features and expression are not at all like."

"No grandpapa says. He attributes the heart of Richard Floyd, who married a lady of the Arlyn blood," said Miss Floyd, with a calm smile. "I tell me dreamed of Floyd Manor and papa's business manager, Cousin Darrel. Who is he? Is he handsome?"

"He was a gentleman who was employed as my business manager on the Floyd estate. He has been promoted to Waldemar. He became Lord Waldemar, into manager of all his estates, and he is a man of honor, ability and impartiality, and believes him the only honest man in the world."

"He is a very singular looking man," said Miss Floyd, musingly. "I saw him once, and my grandpapa has always been very much attached me with proper respect and attention. He gave me cards frequently, and I have bought everything I fancied, regardless of price, and I have always had my own way with grandpapa. I suppose he wants to ingratiate himself in my favor, as he has always been him as my business manager. But I don't like him, Darrel. I don't like his manner, his voice, his look. He is my distant relative, and I am to be civil to him, but I can find a new business manager and a new agent."

Miss Floyd's singular unreserve had its origin in the loneliness in which she had been possessed her. It is probable, however, that some instinct told her that Darrel Moor would be a safe repository of her confidence, or it might have been that she delighted to show him how little she was awed by the changed character of her future home, and the fact that feared Lord Waldemar, whom all else feared. Darrel Moor, however, was not deceived by the frankness bestowed on her dependent, and every word she uttered, told her that his uncle had deceived him in regard to the house, and to tell her the family legends and traditions, and to display the delicate tact that through the dwelling.

Miss Floyd consented, and they rambled through the great well-furnished rooms, and Darrel Moor, with his practiced eye, saw that the furniture was of the most costly description, and led the young lady through the drawing-rooms, conservatory, and library, and finally known as the cabinet of curiosities, and which was filled with articles of vertu, and things that would have been, prizes at the South Kensington Museum, the picture gallery, and all the show apartments of the large and stately pile. He talked to her of Floyds and of Waldemars, as if reading out of a genealogical book, and told her of the family history, and told her stories with a certain dramatic effect, besides his disappointment showing itself continually, despite his efforts to repress it. He could not forget, when rehearsing the family grandeurs, that he would now never be a Lord of Waldemar, and that it was predestinated if he ever became the husband of the heiress.

At last, when he had exhausted his memory, and all the rooms had been visited, Miss Floyd looked at her watch, and declared that she must go to her grandfather, whom she had left alone for hours.

"He will think it cold if I don't visit him," she said, with compunction.

And I will go to my room," said Darrel Moor, with a sigh of relief at his rescued travel-stained suit. "We will meet at dinner, Hilda."

He escorted her to the door of the library, and went up to his own dressing-chamber—the one he had been used to occupy during his boyhood, in the days when his uncle was a bachelor, and when he had finished, regarded his reflection in the mirror with unqualified satisfaction.

He was no honest, straightforward little girl to deceive, but his mind in the case of Miss Floyd it by no means as Honor Glint's would have done. Miss Floyd was a coquettish, exuberant creature, declaring her likes and dislikes with the frankness of childhood, but she's deep and artful in reality, and while she talked to me she was watching me as a cat watches a mouse. I am not sure but that she is my feminine counterpart, and that as subtle as a serpent, and is sure to deceive me, and to make me believe that I am fooling her. Now I have no love for her, but I shall find straight sailing, I'll pursue her and captivate her.

At one o'clock he descended to the breakfast-room, and was chilled with freezing civility by Mrs. Watchley, who, with the exception of Miss Floyd, was the only occupant of the room. She was a gaunt, angular woman, of about forty, and the three took their places at the luxuriously appointed table. Darrel Waldemar would not appear until dinner. Moor, conscious that Mrs. Watchley was the friend of Honor, and the three took their places at the schemer under a spy and detective, and the two latter were not to be deceived.

After luncheon they visited the mausoleum for an hour, and then Miss Floyd left her companion retired to their own apartments.

Darrel Moor passed the rest of the day and afternoon, returning an hour before dinner, when he was informed by the valet that Lord Waldemar appeared at the table. He found the old man in the library, who looked up from his newspaper. There was a gleam in his eyes, and a sternness about his mouth, that told Moor that he had been informed of his presence, and the three took their places at the table. Lord Waldemar would not appear until dinner. Moor, conscious that Mrs. Watchley was the friend of Honor, and the three took their places at the schemer under a spy and detective, and the two latter were not to be deceived.

After luncheon they visited the mausoleum for an hour, and then Miss Floyd left her companion retired to their own apartments.

Darrel Moor passed the rest of the day and afternoon, returning an hour before dinner, when he was informed by the valet that Lord Waldemar appeared at the table. He found the old man in the library, who looked up from his newspaper. There was a gleam in his eyes, and a sternness about his mouth, that told Moor that he had been informed of his presence, and was displeased. He was courteous always, and did the honors handsomely, although his manner seemed to extend himself to please Miss Floyd, but it was not to her that he addressed his first speech or manner.

Mrs. Watchley returned to the library, where Miss Floyd had been with Mr. Moor speth the evening in the drawing-room. Mr. Darrel Moor was in the library, and Hilda joined Lord Waldemar in the library, remaining there for dinner, and said, sighing heavily:

"O, Sir Hugh! How can I tell you the truth? What shall I do? Lady Honor Glint is to come home! What a trouble has come upon me! What can I do?" O, Sir Hugh! Honor is here!"

The young Baronet started, but still he did not comprehend the full import of Mrs. Gilnt's words, and he looked at her inquiringly, and with a slight smile upon his lips.

"I don't understand, Madam. Is Miss Glint an invalid?"

"No; she is gone," replied Mrs. Glint, wringing her hands in seeming agony. "She has left the Red House, Sir Hugh. She has quarrelled with Mr. Moore, and has left him, and declares she is never coming home. She has gone with Mrs. Mallis to her baby-hood. He is a great friend of Honor's, and has been her child being thrown on his hands, he adopted her as his own child, and educated her as a lady. It was belief that had blood will always assert itself, and that Honor's blood is bad. But I was attached to Honor, and could not see her left to be the boon my step-daughter. What is to become of me? What can I do?"

"Sir Hugh smiled, and looked quietly at her.

"O, Sir Hugh! I feel—I fear—I can handle all what. I cannot confide to my innocent child the terrible secret that lies in my bosom. But Honor went out yesterday morning—she left the Red House in a carriage—and was white as any ghost. Before she came to Mr. Moore's house, she had been driving and visiting those three months at Lyndsey Castle, and Lady Lyndsey had told her that she would be leaving Lyndsey that week to go to Scotland, and had come back again at a late hour. Mr. Moore and I had been sitting next down a note to him by her maid, and requested to see him. He read the note and rose to go. There is some terrible mystery between Honor and Mrs. Mallis, and I am afraid of something dreadful."

Sir Hugh recalled the particulars of his own interview with Honor. She had risen abruptly from him in trembling. She had accused Mrs. Mallis of being a spy, and had said that the avowal of his love for her had been a mistake. "I did not intend to be a promise to marry Darrel Moor? Was this the secret she had been concealing, and was shrinking from him? Had she lied to avoid telling the truth?

"Sir Hugh, I should have stayed with my man," he turned himself to say calmly, "but I am afraid that I am ill. I think I should she slope or make a secret marriage with Miss Floyd? She is so dear to Cousin Glint as if she had been the child of his own. I am afraid that she will deceive herself the daughter of his house. There is something dreadful in the air. There is a disgraceful mystery, Mrs. Glint. Honor is in some terrible trouble. Where is she?"

"She is perhaps at the house of some friend. Grandpapa is good to her, and will be a good will for his sake, as well as Miss Honor's, to find her. Sir Hugh, I am afraid that Mrs. Glint's action, which can without doubt be explained away by her. She will return, perhaps to-morrow, and I beg you to receive her with your usual kindness."

"I would take her back as the prodigal son as a welcome guest, Mrs. Glint, if I was dependent upon myself. But she can never be my wife, and I cannot receive her as such. I am sorry that she has left you, Mrs. Glint."

The matron compressed her line in a severe and disapproving expression, and at the same moment Miss Milner reappeared with the visiting-cards.

Sir Hugh smothered his rising indignation, and arose, saying:

"I cannot search evenly for Miss Glint, but I can and shall look for her as—as a brother might do. Wherever she is, she is as safe in her high-mindedness and purity as under this roof. But as a young and unprotected girl in her rank of life cannot go where she will without exciting remark. I shall try to find her without delay."

"Remember that she can't come back here," said Mrs. Glint spitefully. "I won't have her in this house. If you want to find her, look for Mr. Darrel Moor, and follow him. I have reason to think that the young lady is somewhere in Bolton, or she may have gone to Manchester. But it will be quite enough to ruin any girl's reputation to have a young gentleman follow her from place to place. I am sorry that Honor has not yet proved your choice, Sir Hugh. Don't think of going out to-night, it is very wet as soon. Come, play for you one of Claribel's newest songs. Clarette, will you accompany?"

"You must excuse me this evening, Madam," said Sir Hugh, with a manner of decorum covering his grandly noble face. "I am in no mood for singing, and I shall be off early. I hope to get a letter from Honor before I am off, and I shall be obliged to you if it must be decided to-morrow."

"You are in love with her, Hugh!" cried Mrs. Glint scarcely.

The young Baronet's face grew haughty and more stern, but he replied proudly:

"I am, Madam, and God, pardoning, Honor Glint shall be my wife. Your conduct will have no effect upon it. I trust, then to hasten our marriage."

He bowed coldly and took his leave, hurrying on his greatcoat and plunging out again into the storm.

Darrel Moor, on leaving Bolton, had started and came to an abrupt halt, looking back at the Red House, and the cruel recollection of Mrs. Glint's double-dealing seized upon his mind.

He remembered in that instant that Mrs. Moor had expressed a wish to see Captain's adopted daughter. More than once he had heard her say that she would like to have Honor Glint to visit her, and that Captain Glint had called his wife's affection for Honor, and that he had always said that it is learnt that that affection was feigned.

Mrs. Glint had taken advantage of the Captain's absence to send Honor away?

Before Darrel Moor's departure he also has expelled Honor from the Red House, with a view to separating her from Darrel Moor in her own daughter. I am both Mrs. Glint's dupe and victim, and I am sure that Mrs. Glint is the author of the anonymous letter. How came the Captain ever to fall a prey to her? He was not a man to be duped. There was nothing to do with Honor."

Darrel Moor's reverie became a conviction.

Wheeling about, he pursued his way down the street, and was soon out of sight, hurrying up the street.

Sir Hugh Pregrion naturally, on finding his betrothed husband, had not yet briefly on. "Certainly Honor's flight was a disgraceful act, and one too sensitive to scandal. She would not go to the Red House, Mrs. Glint has been good out of school only a few months. She would have gone to Mrs. Mallis, who was always with her old teachers, and avant the captain's return. Honor was a child of such unconsciousness that conscious her distress like nervousness, and she was afraid.

Sir Hugh, on leaving the Red House, took a way station, and found an old station porter who had been in the employ of the company. A few skillfully put questions elicited from the man the information that Miss Glint, the lady who was well known at the station, had taken a ticket for Bolton, and had gone off, and was booked for Southport.

Sir Hugh purchased a ticket, and half an hour later was on the train, with a Manchester paper with the printed "Times" before him, and he was on the train, and he was hurrying up and down the streets, and in the afternoon he entered the Bolton railway station, and he at the chain-pier, with no eyes for the bare trees and the dreary landscape, but with a keen glance at every slender figure, and a searching gaze at every female face.

Finding his quest unsuccessful, he went to the hotel, and then walked down to the pier. It was a dull, cheerless afternoon, dreading with the throng of the promenade.

Sir Hugh was not long before he beheld, a few paces in advance of him, a man whom he knew to be Darrel Moor, and a young lady.

And the next moment he was that Moor was silly and secretly following a young girl, and that girl he recognized as Honor Glint's maid!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOULT AND HIS PICTURES.

Marshal Soult was entertaining at his home friends the wonderful collection of pictures which he had brought from Spain. In answer to a question he remarked that the Duke of Wellington, when in Madrid, believed, had he had stolen these pictures, was false.

"I am aware that I returned to Spain all the convents—that I stole these grand works of art from the churches, but I will tell you one of them—I bought them all."

"Ah—that is a famous picture—*The Portrait of Soult*," said a lady, looking at the eyes sparkling as he looked at it. "I bought that myself."

"Bought it!"

"Yes, I bought it,—and I paid a big price for it, too. I bought it from one of the monks—an abbot and a price! Let me tell you how it came to pass. The Emperor was pressing me the hardest. One evening, at the close of the day, I was seated in the garden of an old convent, and there demanded, and I was told that I could have an interview. I went for my men. On the next morning I was ushered into the abbot's presence. I was presented two-and-twenty of my grandest pictures, and requested to choose one. I did so, and had given to me the picture of Soult. I had the privilege and the possibility of a doubt. At the end of the day I had left the abbot, and had fully hundred of them,—and told them I was going to send a number of them to my soldiers poisoned,—just two-and-twenty of them, and I had chosen the picture of Soult. I had no desire to leave. Finally, as the execution-ers were about to be executed, I was exceedingly fat old fellow caught me by the hand, and begged me to take a few more, and that the monk next to him was his prior. 'Would you not like to have your portrait on a death?' I told him I should have him to be executed, and I had to do it. He expected to me that he had 'Soult' painted by the best artist in Madrid, and I got from profane and sacred pictures, and I had Soult and the prior, he would lead me to it.

"Gentlemen, the offer was a tempting one. It was a great price to pay—an abbot and his chief assistant—but I had heard of the pictures, and I wanted it,—and I accepted the offer. I spared the abbot and the prior, and having seen the other twenty duly hanged, I went and got the pictures.

"When you are told, gentlemen, that I stole my Spanish pictures, you may tell the truth. You may tell me for it—I bought them, every one. And I paid big prices, too!" &c., &c.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1872.

We always sign the LEDGER at the expiration of the time we subscribe for when it is paid, so that if we fail to receive the money it will be safe to renew our subscription a week or two after the time is out.

We cannot change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his former as well as the present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

OUR TERMS FOR 1872—NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Single copies, four cents each; four copies, $2; which is $1 for a copy; eight copies, $4. The party who sends us $8 for a club of eight copies, and a premium, will be entitled to the premium. Postmasters and others who get up clubs, in their own interest, will be allowed $3 for each eight copies or $1.25 on two copies. Subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscriptions must be sent twenty cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage. When a draft or money order can conveniently be sent, it will be safer and we will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. We will send the paper for all parts of the country for twenty cents for a quarter, or five cents a quarter, payable at the office where the paper is delivered.

☞ We employ no travelling agents. Address all communications to

ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of Spruce Street and Park Row, New York.

The Mortality from the Heat—The Death of Children.

Two hundred deaths in a week, in the city of New York! Just think of it. Look at it in a full regiment of soldiers, and consider that the number of deaths equals them, and half as many more.

The intense and long continued heat has had much to do with this great increase of mortality, and it has been most severe on the native of hard-working men and of children.

Those moral obligations, resting on our citizens generally, are pretty clearly pointed out and illustrated by these facts.

It is pretty hard that a man who is compelled to work to supply himself and his family with their daily bread, should be obliged, in performing his labor, to expose himself to the burning sun until it makes his brain and kills him. It is the duty of employers to avoid exposing their workmen, as far as possible, by placing their men, in the hottest weather, in the most favorable position which the prosecution of their work admits of.

But the great mortality among children suggests different considerations. It warns us to the nullness of the city, during the summer months, for the residence of the little ones. It is the duty of parents, so far as it is practicable, to provide some kind of a home in the country for their children during the hot months.

We heard a gentleman remark recently, that within a very short period more than one hundred boys buried from the block in which he lived. Some of them, it is true, might have died in the country: but the probabilities in that most of them would have been saved, if they had been in the comfortable country homes.

Of course many families are situated so that they are obliged to remain in the city the whole year: but many persons might get into the country for a few months, than now do, if they appreciated the great advantage which their children would derive from the change.

The great obstacle in the way of this is the extravagant notions about the style of living which have grown up in the country. People know that for a mere trifle they can procure an old but in really respectable in a country house. The pure air costs nothing; and all that is necessary in the way of shelter or a house costs but little.

Death in the Streets.

If there is to be no greater improvement, so far as cleanliness is concerned, in the condition of the streets of this city, than has yet been made, we think the Board of Health will in our municipal affairs does not amount to much.

Many of our streets continue to be in a state of filth which is disgraceful. The decay of garbage and animal matter which is in heaps must be destructive of health and life. Now and then the authorities are said to make a spasmodic effort to remove these offensive accumulations: but these efforts are very short-lived, and in a few days the great thoroughfares are allowed to relapse into their chronic abominable condition.

We wish we could have a really good city government. If the money which is now raised by taxation were honestly and judiciously expended, it would give a very different result from any which has ever been derived from it yet.

The pavement in some of our streets—among the most traversed too—is in such a state as to be very difficult to pass over, but as to repair it next to impossible to keep the streets clean. Money enough is paid for paving, and there is no excuse for the execrable state of miles of pavement in the city: but the trouble is, that a large part of the money is squandered or misapplied; and the consequence is that our streets remain neglected and filthy, to breed pestilence and disease.

We know that it is almost hopeless to bring about any effective reform in such matters; but there is a small degree of reform which, at least, is giving vent to one's honest indignation on his subject, now and then.

An Editor for President.

Many of the papers, in commenting on the nomination of Mr. GREELEY, refer to the fact that it is the first instance of the nomination of an Editor for President. But we do not see in any of them reference to the fact that Mr. GREELEY's leading competitor in the Cincinnati Convention, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, was also an Editor formerly. Mr. ADAMS, early in his political career, was Editor of a daily paper in Boston called *The Republican*: and what is still more interesting, as a matter of newspaper history, is the circumstance that when Mr. ADAMS relinquished the paper it passed into the hands of HENRY WILSON, now the candidate for Vice-President of the party opposed to Mr. GREELEY and Mr. ADAMS.

INVISIBLE HONORS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A day in the country is good—the real country, far from city, far from artificial adornments, and in the midst of scenes that ages have felt but little of the hand of man. Even one day in the country is good. But not till you settle down, and eat the strings that bind you to the city, shove out its cares, and rid yourself of its excitements, can you feel the genuine comfort and happiness of being in the country.

Now you have come to stay. The heaven arches over you with its unfathomable blue. The clouds chatter along the horizon, or dispense and go a sailing through the great aerial deep, as if to get up for you a celebration. You are absorbed—a child at home. The great ocean of hills gird you about, and all that dwells within his sphere greets you.

In early, early morning comes the wild chant of birds, that pour their thankfulness long before the great multitude of citizens have left their beds. At noon, when all else is chorus in the day, and that when birds rest and five in the morning, all the middle of the day is more pastoral—solemn, and yet cheery. I note the annual increase of birds upon my hill—shrubbery and forest. Here is a new bitter. Only cats molest them, and they do it only on the leg. Such pets ought to be summoned to appear, or some bird familiar is soon grown bedaub himself to get them. Here is the sonnetone to all my friends, that I now am in the country, and that I am not to be obliged to borrow of Mr. Dayton, or Kitredge, or Lyman Beecher Carlton, or Mr. Bonner, and keep up friendship with them. I am out, and take it in pay for the nine months when I have hitherto visited the country, only to lay in my trees, thrushes build, and sing, and Wood-thrushes are shy, but not solitary. They demand security: they have a right to roused politely. A robin may be chased with a stick—nothing more. But it is not to be disgusted him. He comes back. If cherry time you cannot drive them away. They will come close to the tree, they know you, and will skulk behind the leaves; or if you pelt them, they fly but a little way, and light again, and the moment you turn your back, they fly again into the tree. Robins have no fear, and no tender sensibilities, that keep them back from the cherries. They are sensitive and retiring. They shrink from the sight of a human face, and so be greater by a dwelling than to have stood. thrushes adopt it, and build in its ivy. Cat-birds build in the lilac bushes and under the head. Colleges give many diplomas and deserved. Nature is the only university that can confer a diploma worth having, and that only upon the diligent.

When old Oxford gave to Lowell Mason his degree of Doctor of Music, he was delighted. If he could not confer himself, he certainly caused others to say that he was worthy of it. Such a word-dandy, and he knew it as he can listen, I can praise and publish his deeds: and I can make his choir sing them. All the bestowes upon me my invisible diploma. It is the only diploma that I value. Others I keep, long he calls me L. B.—Lover of Birds. There is a little book, by Miss Jewett, called *Deephaven*. *Laughing* your head off, and yet it is true. Some of the whole heaven above, my cousins are like that book—droll, quaint, and full of sisters. They do not beat the dusty ground with hammering hoofs, but the lighter air with soft sonnds. Commend me to the stable of horses, the victories of sense, but for the gilded honors and emoluments of the forest and the air, is the most delightful country!

IS SHE, OR IS SHE NOT?

Music is a heavenly maid, so we are told. But to my thinking, that depends on circumstances. Every one remembers the story of the stage of a brass band, is located right up against your next-room door is a nursery, where you had visions of dodging Point Jupiter by a hydrometer pointed at you.

Music is anything but a heavenly maid about that time.

Or if you are writing, and a wheezy organ stops before your window—beloved by your neighbor who delights in it—you are sorely tempted by your discord-hating ear to the belief that the insanity—how about "Home, the heavenly maid," then?

Or if you are in a street car, with a carpet of wet, nasty straw beneath your feet, and a cloud of wet umbrellas and dripping garments and muddy water baskets about your ankles and sides, and "Music, heavenly maid," appears in the shape of a cracked Italian organ, or a dilapidated accordeon, what then?

Or suppose she appears to you in the shape of a young Miss, the talented daughter of an old friend, who has run up a bill for lessons, the scales two or three times, considers herself equal to the "Battle of Prague," and is "Auf Flechen?" I tell you there is nothing hell" Revelation" truer than the old writing-book, that "circumstances alter cases."

Border Etiquette.

"What is murder, if your Honor please to be exclaimed a Western Editor to the lawyer, in the midst of a plea for his client. "It is a very bad practice," blandly replied his Honor.

That was several years ago. Since that refined period murder seems to have ceased to be even a breach of etiquette on the border towns of the Far West. It is now simply an eccentricity of feeling whimsical in its direction.

Within a short time we have read accounts of the shooting of a village marshal by a village mayor, of the fatal stabbing of a physician by a patient, and of the death by a duel of a distinguished husband by a fastidious wife. Now comes the account of a duel fought by a married man and his wife, in which "eccentricities" were developed along the lines of Sweet, Jarman, and Stanton.

We observed that the same papers which gave the particulars of these domestic shootings, and throat-cuttings, also complained of stagnation in business, of the low prices of real estate, and especially of the falling off in immigration. Small wonder. Who wants to go where he will think there would be New settlers don't like to be shot at, and they have a chance of being if husband and buried before they can build their cabins.

Sad Death of a Little Emigrant.

[From the Buffalo Express and Commercial Advertiser.]

We are informed of a sad accident that occurred at Freeboro, last Friday, which resulted in the death of a little boy of seven years. Some emigrants that were passing on had tilted their children in the wagon, and were themselves attending to the stock. A young girl was driving the team, and as her little brother was attempting to get out of the wagon, he fell under the hind wheel passing over his body. The driver, not the affair, stopped the team as quick as possible, and, in her fright, probably pulled too hard on the reins, and the horses backed, the wheel again passing over the body of the little victim. The sad affair for the bereaved parents, who, after being so suddenly bereft of their darling boy, were obliged to bury him among strangers.

The Fastest Time.

DEXTER'S mile in 2:16, was the fastest mile ever trotted, either in public or private, under any circumstances, until Mr. BONNER'S horse, JOE ELLIOT, trotted work before last, in 2:15¾, on Mystic Park, Boston.

THE STARLING'S NEST.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

All the shaded length of the village street,
In the Ryder road, where the highway met,
Down the trodden path of the Woodside way,
Everywhere appeared the signs of coming day:

Upraised—not quite to the sunny sky;
Upraised—not quite to the Lord on high;
Only up to the face of the dim gray tower,
Where the bells hung round for the ringing hour.

Weary eyes that watch over beds of pain,
Glimmered through the dark in the same pane;
And the failing ears, almost done with time,
Caught the echoes of the first morning chime.

Then the bare brown hands that may never rest
Where over your wife's head on her breast
Watching, pulse above to toil-marked "seven."
And go a-toiling through the great aerial deep,
as if to get up for you a celebration. You are adopted—a child at home. The great ocean of hills gird you about, and all that dwells within his sphere greets you.

In early, early morning comes the wild chant of birds, that pour their thankfulness long before the great multitude of citizens have left their beds. At noon, when all else is chorus in the day, and that when birds rest and five in the morning, all the middle of the day is more pastoral—solemn, and yet cheery. I note the annual increase of birds upon my hill—shrubbery and forest. Here is a new bitter. Only cats molest them, and they do it only on the leg. Such pets ought to be summoned to appear, or some bird familiar is soon grown bedaub himself to get them. Here is the sonnetone to all my friends, that I now am in the country, and that I am not to be obliged to borrow of Mr. Dayton, or Kitredge, or Lyman Beecher Carlton, or Mr. Bonner, and keep up friendship with them. I am out, and take it in pay for the nine months when I have hitherto visited the country, only to lay in my trees, thrushes build, and sing, and Wood-thrushes are shy, but not solitary. They demand security: they have a right to roused politely. A robin may be chased with a stick—nothing more. But it is not to be disgusted him. He comes back. If cherry time you cannot drive them away. They will come close to the tree, they know you, and will skulk behind the leaves; or if you pelt them, they fly but a little way, and light again, and the moment you turn your back, they fly again into the tree. Robins have no fear, and no tender sensibilities, that keep them back from the cherries. They are sensitive and retiring. They shrink from the sight of a human face, and so be greater by a dwelling than to have stood. thrushes adopt it, and build in its ivy. Cat-birds build in the lilac bushes and under the head. Colleges give many diplomas and deserved. Nature is the only university that can confer a diploma worth having, and that only upon the diligent.

When old Oxford gave to Lowell Mason his degree of Doctor of Music, he was delighted. If he could not confer himself, he certainly caused others to say that he was worthy of it. Such a word-dandy, and he knew it as he can listen, I can praise and publish his deeds: and I can make his choir sing them. All the bestowes upon me my invisible diploma. It is the only diploma that I value. Others I keep, long he calls me L. B.—Lover of Birds. There is a little book, by Miss Jewett, called *Deephaven*. *Laughing* your head off, and yet it is true. Some of the whole heaven above, my cousins are like that book—droll, quaint, and full of sisters. They do not beat the dusty ground with hammering hoofs, but the lighter air with soft sonnds. Commend me to the stable of horses, the victories of sense, but for the gilded honors and emoluments of the forest and the air, is the most delightful country!

IS SHE, OR IS SHE NOT?

Music is a heavenly maid, so we are told. But to my thinking, that depends on circumstances. Every one remembers the story of the stage of a brass band, is located right up against your next-room door is a nursery, where you had visions of dodging Point Jupiter by a hydrometer pointed at you.

Music is anything but a heavenly maid about that time.

Or if you are writing, and a wheezy organ stops before your window—beloved by your neighbor who delights in it—you are sorely tempted by your discord-hating ear to the belief that the insanity—how about "Home, the heavenly maid," then?

Or if you are in a street car, with a carpet of wet, nasty straw beneath your feet, and a cloud of wet umbrellas and dripping garments and muddy water baskets about your ankles and sides, and "Music, heavenly maid," appears in the shape of a cracked Italian organ, or a dilapidated accordeon, what then?

Or suppose she appears to you in the shape of a young Miss, the talented daughter of an old friend, who has run up a bill for lessons, the scales two or three times, considers herself equal to the "Battle of Prague," and is "Auf Flechen?" I tell you there is nothing hell" Revelation" truer than the old writing-book, that "circumstances alter cases."

Border Etiquette.

"What is murder, if Your Honor please to be exclaimed a Western Editor to the lawyer, in the midst of a plea for his client. "It is a very bad practice," blandly replied his Honor.

That was several years ago. Since that refined period murder seems to have ceased to be even a breach of etiquette on the border towns of the Far West. It is now simply an eccentricity of feeling whimsical in its direction.

Within a short time we have read accounts of the shooting of a village marshal by a village mayor, of the fatal stabbing of a physician by a patient, and of the death by a duel of a distinguished husband by a fastidious wife. Now comes the account of a duel fought by a married man and his wife, in which "eccentricities" were developed along the lines of Sweet, Jarman, and Stanton.

We observed that the same papers which gave the particulars of these domestic shootings, and throat-cuttings, also complained of stagnation in business, of the low prices of real estate, and especially of the falling off in immigration. Small wonder. Who wants to go where he will think there would be New settlers don't like to be shot at, and they have a chance of being if husband and buried before they can build their cabins.

Sad Death of a Little Emigrant.

[From the Buffalo Express and Commercial Advertiser.]

We are informed of a sad accident that occurred at Freeboro, last Friday, which resulted in the death of a little boy of seven years. Some emigrants that were passing on had tilted their children in the wagon, and were themselves attending to the stock. A young girl was driving the team, and as her little brother was attempting to get out of the wagon, he fell under the hind wheel passing over his body. The driver, not the affair, stopped the team as quick as possible, and, in her fright, probably pulled too hard on the reins, and the horses backed, the wheel again passing over the body of the little victim. The sad affair for the bereaved parents, who, after being so suddenly bereft of their darling boy, were obliged to bury him among strangers.

The Fastest Time.

DEXTER'S mile in 2:16, was the fastest mile ever trotted, either in public or private, under any circumstances, until Mr. BONNER'S horse, JOE ELLIOT, trotted work before last, in 2:15¾, on Mystic Park, Boston.

A LIVE COUNT IN PUDDINGSTONE.

BY MRS. ANNIE THOMAS.

Miss Eurydice Wilkins was the paragon of her sex and the pride of her virtues, a—a—But, pshaw!—I always did hate description, and am beginning off that way. In plain words, she was a young lady of forty-five minutes, more or less, of which stood confessed in her looks.

Her father, dear, kind old soul, was the narrow path of maidenhood without many and perilous deviations, and found it rather more difficult to please was Miss Eurydice. The right sort of husband, of course, was the first and all others she had sent packing.

The last adorer, and the one who wisely, everybody said, in having to Miss Eurydice the guardianship of his infant daughter, with an annual allowance for the same, was the man she might make. A lady who had so circumspect a history as hers could not look to any person to shield another against the pious of her own unblemished character.

That the authority thus conferred might not take the means of encouraging little Pattie's fortune—a very handsome one, by the by—to the purchase of a husband for her, or strict conformity, matrimonially, to the wishes of her guardian in the choice of a husbandinee, the whole was to eschew.

Miss Eurydice ever been on a visit to Pattie grew to be, she might have deserved the reputation of being still settled on the ranks of the singly blessed. So that as it was, the guardianship of little Pattie was rather an intrusion of matrimonial views.

Pattie was a child of the sea, and had been all but one—Pattie chiefly concerned. But when Pattie's father and mother died of fever, and Pattie commanded never to see him again, her heart rebelled, flashed into the fire of rebellion, then filled with tears; for Pattie was devoted to her parents, and they to her with her tenderly, and never, until now, given her a harsh word.

Miss Eurydice had come to take charge of her own for Pattie. A distinguished foreigner, Count Fitz-Walter by name, had been invited to boat, had set all Puddingstone in a flutter. Count Fitz-Walter was run up to London in the fashion, and wore the coats of his master's valet. He had been "Sir" Arthur Brandon, and turned up like a couple of fish-hooks. Then he had been "Lord" Arthur Brandon, and had made a dash of it for a time; but, not having much sense—or cash—to back it, he had come down to "Mr." and still "Arthur Brandon" his own name. There was something so satisfying in Miss Eurydice's nature that the thought of having the Count for a nephew, that she would have to call "Arthur," and call "Arthur" her own name. There was something so satisfying in Miss Eurydice's nature that the thought of having the Count for a nephew, that she would have to call "Arthur," and call "Arthur" her own name. There was something so satisfying in Miss Eurydice's nature that the thought of having the Count for a nephew, that she would have to call "Arthur," and call "Arthur" her own name.

Arthur Brandon was studying law in the city, and found it to be a convenient thing to run up to Puddingstone to spend a few stolen hours with Pattie. His absences were always accounted for by his attainings, when Pattie received for two or three days a letter from him, dated from the city, and went into such agonies of despair that Miss Eurydice was forced to tell her "pet" she'd write Arthur's own scores. There was something so satisfying in Miss Eurydice's nature that the thought of having the Count for a nephew, that she would have to call "Arthur," and call "Arthur" her own name. There was something so satisfying in Miss Eurydice's nature that the thought of having the Count for a nephew, that she would have to call "Arthur," and call "Arthur" her own name.

Oh! Mumsey, how found you out?—how? shall I do?"

"Says the pieces," Pattie suggested.

"I lay room at your feet, Mamsell!"

"Lay room at your feet, Mamsell!" said Pattie, with a mischievous laugh.

Miss Eurydice was not equal in time to the Count at the beginning of Heaven knows what—and so lost.

"

THE ROMANCE OF A STOCKING—A SONG.

BY JAMES J. AYERS.

How sad and sweet a poem.

You may read about your faces bewitching,
Inviting eyes that no heart can withstand—
Classic features and dainty ears and chin,
Tapering fingers and delicate hand;
None of these, though, my heart has set aching;
No, these charms combined set it breaking;
So, to finish all the thoughts that come flocking
From the gazing on a stocking and limb.

Oh, stocking so white as the snow,
Just before me wherever I go!

From the first day I saw that limb and stocking
Trip fairy-like off in the street,
In my wakeful hours of fair beautiful sentiment
And fanciings no pen can repeat,
Have you wondered, my darling, about it?
An embroidered stocking could bring it
To the beautiful shape it possessed,
Or the plainness its white fabric pressed?
Oh, stocking so white as the snow,
Just before me wherever I go!

When the sun in the morning's ascending,
Ascending, and shining so bright,
With cherubs of rosy-clad gardens,
Beaus of elegance and gold-crimsoned girls;
Like the orchid, who, radiant with joy at the sight,
Sees a glory in dawn to all others unseen,
So see I through my eyes, with them awake before me,
A thousand entrances—my sunrise of glory!
Encased in their stockings of snow;
And I haste me wherever I go!

Some day yet, perhaps my devotion
May gain me the right to unlace it!
And a rose-spotted stocking could bring it
To the beautiful shape it possessed,
Or the plainness its white fabric pressed!
Oh, stocking so white as the snow,
Just before me wherever I go!

When the sun in the morning's ascending,
Ascending, and shining so bright,
With cherubs of rose-clad gardens,
Beaus of elegance and gold-crimsoned girls;
Like the orchid, who, radiant with joy at the sight,
Sees a glory in dawn to all others unseen,
So see I through my eyes, with them awake before me,
A thousand entrances—my sunrise of glory!
Encased in their stockings of snow;
And I haste me wherever I go!

Some day yet, perhaps my devotion
May gain me the right to unlace it!
And a rose-spotted stocking could bring it
To the beautiful shape it possessed,
Or the plainness its white fabric pressed!
Oh, stocking so white as the snow,
Just before me wherever I go!

Oh, rapture! it may be a bride!
How fondly, ah! then, to my bosom I'll press
The treasure of the one to whom never before
My heart has been given, or the hem of her dress!
And from thence to her feet was content to adore:
From thence to her feet I betook me no more.
Still from thence to her SOUL—blended love-wards
And to bliss that white stocking, wherever we go,
In health or in sickness, in sun or in woe!

SAN BERNARDINO, California, May 10, 1872.

THE BLACK DOCTOR;

OR, THE

Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

By WILLIAM HENRY PECK,
Professor of History in the University of the State of Louisiana.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RUSSIAN AND HIS NIECE.

As the sunlight poured into the dingy dark room, making the faces of the lamp-pale and wan, the convict ceased to howl, mutter, mumble and curse.

He rubbed his hands to his head suddenly, hung his eyes for a moment like a pendent, great drops on his forehead, and then he rose and stood. He stretched his frame across the table, put his features in bold and brave relief, and looked boldly between them.

"Where is Jacque, standing near the now open window, watched him curiously.

"Why is that window open?" demanded Perez, after a long pause, and speaking almost suddenly.

"Why, you see, my dear Captain, I really thought daylight would be—a kind of antidote, you know," stammered Jacque, evidently not sure whether his visitor was mad or merely drunk.

"I gave no order to what, you fool? But close the window at once, and shut daylight out. I am all right again, now."

But you see, my dear Captain, you may soon be all wrong again."

"Look you, Gomara. Did you hear me say anything?"

Well—no—except when you began to cry out and curse—then—" and like a flash—

"Nothing like his word confess—eh?"

"Oh, no, Captain, I—I—I—" and he stood confused. But he was so startled, I may say so stunned, that I could not understand anything that you said."

"I am very glad that you did not. Close the window as it was, and sit down again."

The pawnbroker obeyed.

Let me tell you something, Gomara, which it will be well for you to remember," said Perez, in a tone that at first seemed more like the ease of his listener. "I was accused of the murder of Angelico Rio."

"Yes, you—a most rascally accusation—and you were acquitted, I think, as soon as the case came up."

"It does not matter whether I was or not, Gomara. I only refer to say that I will kill the man that ever hints that I harmed the son of my mother. I am subject to a kind of fury or frenzy that at times makes me imagine I see the devil."

"Things, Captain?"

"Sprite—ghosts—things that are not. Diablos! Of course it is all insignificance and mere imagination," said Perez, drawing his powerful frame into a heap, and shuddering. "This infirmity seldom troubled me in the mines—not enough to attract the notice of others—but it only came upon me when I was alone, and in the dark—worse if a light was burning near me. For five years, till to-day, I have been afraid to sleep. I do not know why, but I never moved the gaspin upon me here, after letting me alone for five years."

"Your pardon, Captain?"

The pawnbroker said to himself:

"Perhaps it is because the victim of trade he has made me agree to give back to him, in truth before the Angelico Rio. I am sure I do not know. I only know that Rio once made a will, leaving all his property to Don Diablo, in case he were to die suddenly; and Don Diablo has always believed that will, and so the nephew of his brother fell to him, and he put it into the hands of the notary for safe-keeping. One thing I do hope, and that is, that the ghost of Angelico will never come harm me."

"So take no notice of what I may say, nor of how I may act at times," resumed Perez. "I tell you frankly that the Count Diablo, whom I see, is the spectre-likeness of the murdered son, Angelico Rio. It demands that I should not be disturbed by him upon the days that I remember him. That man was Lopez Sonora—of course."

"Oh, of course, Captain."

"But I have other business to do Gomara, and must this be avenged upon Jacque Raymundo."

"Very true, Captain; and what had Jacque Raymundo to do with old Smolenski and his niece?"

"This, I have my purpose to return to San Domingo, as soon as I can have affairs settled to securing the property I became heir to by the death of Angelico Rio. I have learned that Count Smolenski, or that Russian, is somewhere. I tell you I was madly in love at the time, and I think that Angelico and I would. But soon after my return to Havana, I was told that I had shot and killed the son of the Count Diablo. I received a letter from this Isadora Raymundo, however that set the house of Lopez Sonora afire to go to New Orleans. Well, on my return, I was arrested for that false charge of arrest, which, however, was obtained by a vaulted woman who called herself Isadora Raymundo. I was thus denied my trial and conviction by piracy, smuggling and the like. I meant to find Angelique Sonora, and to make her my wife. But for Jacque Raymundo, I would have found Angelique, married her, and as I was rich enough to have purchased my way, why, I would have lived the rest of my life a happy and sober-lived husband. That she sobbed internally, if the accursed thing had not haunted me."

"You have given up all hope of ever seeing Angelique again, have you, Captain?"

"Pal! She is dead or married, or grown twelve years older by this time,' replied Perez. "Did you say that Paul Smolenski is dead?"

"Of that I am not sure. He was in San Domingo after you were sent to Spain. I cannot say more than some hearsay matter there a month after you left. You see, I was in love with some inquiry after the old man. I did not learned only that he had been seen for a day or two in his cottage a walk or so before my arrival, and that he had then disappeared. His cottage was burned up, and as human bones were found in the ashes it was believed that old Paul had perished in the flames. I had never heard of his niece, nor that he had any, till after the fire of his cottage."

Before I sailed from San Domingo for Havana, on that last voyage," said Perez, "the ship's cook was suddenly taken ill, and Angelico Rio engaged for the voyage an old negro named Poncho. I never noticed the negro much, only that he was ugly. I do not think that I more than once glanced at him, and then only for an instant—that was when Rio sailed, he ran, an hour before we sailed, 'I have hired Thom for a voyage.' His name is Poncho, Thom for short. He pointed at an old negro, who seemed very much confused at the time, and who kept at a large chest which Rio and Poncho fastened the old man's own pots and pans in. The chest I noticed which Rio and Poncho, who was a free negro, had refused to come. It was a large chest, and I did not more than glances at the negro. I do not think I ever gazed steadily into his face, or gave him more than a passing glance. That negro disappeared from the Jessica, and his great chest went with him, in an hour after we arrived at the port in Havana harbor. I had reason to wish to see him afterward—just before I sailed for New Orleans. I ordered everybody to leave for Ponche. I feared you telling the Senor in the morning this morning what old Sylphax told you about my eagerness to find Poncho. Well, after a time, Lopez Sonora—and that—Lopez Sonora led an old negro to me, and said:

"Senor, in old Poncho, Captain. He has been on a visit to a brother of his."

"Where far as I could see, the shape of Poncho, the hired cook. As I told you, I had never more than glanced at the old fellow

CAPTAIN SANCHO PEREZ ARGUED BY THE KNOCKING AT THE PAWNBROKER'S DOOR.

before, so I could not be sure. But I was determined to make sure, and I ordered Lopez Sonora to bring the old negro to me, and he did so. I looked at him, and he looked at me, but he did not speak. I was sure that it was Poncho, and I said to him:

"'Thom, I had a suspicion of you last night, for the time that made me have the old fellow strike you. I am sorry for it, and I ask your pardon, at that time, suggested that the fellow was not Poncho, that I was misled by Angelico Rio in the matter.'

"Yes, but you did suspect, or had suspected that Poncho, or Thom, was a white man."

"On a white woman."

"Ah!" exclaimed the pawnbroker, and starting in a bewildered way.

"I suspected that I suspected, nor why I had suspected," continued Perez. "I was for the time satisfied that I was mistaken, and—

"I was in a fury because my suspicion had, as I then believed, proved to be groundless, and I ordered Lopez Sonora to give forty lashes on the bare back. I also told the old negro, if ever I caught him on the Jessica again, I would hang him at the yard-arm, lock his body up in his old chest, and pitch it overboard. I have never seen nor heard of him since that moment."

"Ah! ah!" muttered Captain?"

"Well, when Lopez Sonora brought the negro to me, and said, 'Senor, in Ponche, I was in my private office alone, when I heard a noise as if a bold a lighter thing to be thrown down, and studied it as I would a chart of shoals and reefs, because I expected to direct the ship; she was a white person, in the disguise of a negro. I followed her, and I know she is dead—so especially of a man on his forehead, have I seen the mark of death.'

"I often thought of that negro's face when I was in the mines, and I felt sure that it was a white face. I had intended to have the negro brought to me by Lopez Sonora, but Poncho lived in Angelico Rio's house, and so—"

"Oh!" said Gomara, much interested. Why did you suspect that, Captain?"

"I gave Lopez Sonora a private visitor to me in giving the false order for my arrest to the custom-house. I had seen the face of a white lady, and had already been a traitor to me in declaring that I had killed the son of Poncho. In the mines, and by degrees, I conceived that the face of the white negro brought to me by Lopez Sonora was not Poncho, that Poncho was a white man, and, guess, and nearly yesterday I discovered that his chest contained a person; that Poncho was Paul Smolenski."

Abraham and all the saints!" exclaimed the pawnbroker, drawing back, and with his mingled ejaculations. "Popes and Patriarchs!"

"And that the person in the chest—if my there was—was Angelico Rio."

"Oh," said the pawnbroker, unable to say anything else.

"I told you this belief came to my mind slowly in the mines," continued Perez. "It did, with one exception. That was, I was in the mines, not until yesterday, did I even suspect that Poncho was Smolenski, or that the person in the chest was Angelique. I did, however, suspect that the chest held a human disguise, and that there was a mystery of his in the chest. But not until yesterday, after I landed, and with a pick and crowbar, I came upon an old negro fishing. He was of a class that would pass for a negro in rags. I accosted him. He took off his old straw hat, and I knew him at once. He was Poncho. The old negro said instantly, 'Don't say that, Captain Perez,' and I asked, 'Because I always pass old Jean in mind of a man what was as near a devil always my man was when he was mad.' I saw he was a true-old negro gone, sip. I sat down by him, gave him a real, and told him he could let all slavery go. I knew he was so much like a devil. I found that he suspected a deep interest for Captain Sancho Perez, because that gentleman had once done at him like a rager, nearly burned the face off with a lamp, had him stripped to the skin, and given him thirty lashes. I told him that I was not the Captain Perez he had before, but I was sent to speak to him, and that I was going to San Domingo in a few days on court-yard. He remained quiet in the old chest, and I returned to the house and told Lopez Sonora that Poncho is he had slept. Very soon—it was night—the old negro came to the house, and in the room in which he stood belonged. She then struck a light, and Juan saw that the man was, or seemed to be, a negro. She then was a white man, and in the garb of a senior. I was a fury because my suspicion had proved to be well founded, and I ordered Lopez Sonora to give the forty lashes on the bare back. I also told the old negro, if ever I caught him on the Jessica again, I would hang him at the yard-arm, lock his body up in his old chest, and pitch it overboard. I have never seen nor heard of him since that moment."

"Ah! ah!" muttered, Captain?"

"Well, when Lopez Sonora brought the negro to me, and said, 'Senor, in Ponche, I was in my private office alone, when I heard a noise as if a bold a lighter thing to be thrown down, and studied it as I would a chart of shoals and reefs, because I expected to direct the ship; she was a white person, in the disguise of a negro. I followed her, and I know she is dead—so especially of a man on his forehead, have I seen the mark of death.'

"I often thought of that negro's face when I was in the mines, and I felt sure that it was a white face. I had intended to have the negro brought to me by Lopez Sonora, but Poncho lived in Angelico Rio's house, so—"

"Oh!" said Gomara, much interested. Why did you suspect that, Captain?"

"I gave Lopez Sonora a private visitor to me in giving the false order for my arrest to the custom-house. I had seen the face of a white lady, and had already been a traitor to me in declaring that I had killed the son of Poncho. In the mines, and by degrees, I conceived that the face of the white negro brought to me by Lopez Sonora was not Poncho, that Poncho was a white man, and, guess, and nearly yesterday I discovered that his chest contained a person; that Poncho was Paul Smolenski."

Abraham and all the saints!" exclaimed the pawnbroker, drawing back, and with his mingled ejaculations. "Popes and Patriarchs!"

"And that the person in the chest—if my there was—was Angelico Rio."

"Oh," said the pawnbroker, unable to say anything else.

"I told you this belief came to my mind slowly in the mines," continued Perez. "It did, with one exception. That was, I was in the mines, not until yesterday, did I even suspect that Poncho was Smolenski, or that the person in the chest was Angelique. I did, however, suspect that the chest held a human disguise, and that there was a mystery of his in the chest. But not until yesterday, after I landed, and with a pick and crowbar, I came upon an old negro fishing. He was of a class that would pass for a negro in rags. I accosted him. He took off his old straw hat, and I knew him at once. He was Poncho. The old negro said instantly, 'Don't say that, Captain Perez,' and I asked, 'Because I always pass old Jean in mind of a man what was as near a devil always my man was when he was mad.' I saw he was a true-old negro gone, sip. I sat down by him, gave him a real, and told him he could let all slavery go. I knew he was so much like a devil. I found that he suspected a deep interest for Captain Sancho Perez, because that gentleman had once done at him like a rager, nearly burned the face off with a lamp, had him stripped to the skin, and given him thirty lashes. I told him that I was not the Captain Perez he had before, but I was sent to speak to him, and that I was going to San Domingo in a few days on court-yard. He remained quiet in the old chest, and I returned to the house and told Lopez Sonora that Poncho is he had slept. Very soon—it was night—the old negro came to the house, and in the room in which he stood belonged. She then struck a light, and Juan saw that the man was, or seemed to be, a negro. She then was a white man, and in the garb of a senior. I was a fury because my suspicion had proved to be well founded, and I ordered Lopez Sonora to give the forty lashes on the bare back. I also told the old negro, if ever I caught him on the Jessica again, I would hang him at the yard-arm, lock his body up in his old chest, and pitch it overboard. I have never seen nor heard of him since that moment."

"Ah! ah!" muttered, Captain?"

"Well, when Lopez Sonora brought the negro to me, and said, 'Senor, in Ponche, I was in my private office alone, when I heard a noise as if a bold a lighter thing to be thrown down, and studied it as I would a chart of shoals and reefs, because I expected to direct the ship; she was a white person, in the disguise of a negro. I followed her, and I know she is dead—so especially of a man on his forehead, have I seen the mark of death.'

"I often thought of that negro's face when I was in the mines, and I felt sure that it was a white face. I had intended to have the negro brought to me by Lopez Sonora, but Poncho lived in Angelico Rio's house, so—"

"Oh!" said Gomara, much interested. Why did you suspect that, Captain?"

"I gave Lopez Sonora a private visitor to me in giving the false order for my arrest to the custom-house. I had seen the face of a white lady, and had already been a traitor to me in declaring that I had killed the son of Poncho. In the mines, and by degrees, I conceived that the face of the white negro brought to me by Lopez Sonora was not Poncho, that Poncho was a white man, and, guess, and nearly yesterday I discovered that his chest contained a person; that Poncho was Paul Smolenski."

Abraham and all the saints!" exclaimed the pawnbroker, drawing back, and with his mingled ejaculations. "Popes and Patriarchs!"

"And that the person in the chest—if my there was—was Angelico Rio."

"Oh," said the pawnbroker, unable to say anything else.

"I told you this belief came to my mind slowly in the mines," continued Perez. "It did, with one exception. That was, I was in the mines, not until yesterday, did I even suspect that Poncho was Smolenski, or that the person in the chest was Angelique. I did, however, suspect that the chest held a human disguise, and that there was a mystery of his in the chest. But not until yesterday, after I landed, and with a pick and crowbar, I came upon an old negro fishing. He was of a class that would pass for a negro in rags. I accosted him. He took off his old straw hat, and I knew him at once. He was Poncho. The old negro said instantly, 'Don't say that, Captain Perez,' and I asked, 'Because I always pass old Jean in mind of a man what was as near a devil always my man was when

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

same bell—twelve years, Gomaza! Diablos! Twelve years!"

The bewildered pawnbroker could only stare his wonder, and shake his head.

"I will tell you why, Gomaza! Because he must have seen or heard of this note twelve years ago. He must have received it at that time, and have kept it. Why? Because it was made for it on my persona, while I was in the cell here in Havana. The money-lender, Samuda, is stronger than to sell, and you know that he had seen this note in my hands a few days before; and the signature, who had a warrant from the Captain-General, searched me for the very skin. Diablos! he had me stripped, just as I had had old Juan stripped, and I had not the note. Therefore, he must have had it. The conclusion is manifest: he did not find that paper—they searched in my vest merely enough to find a few rags, if one had been there. Ho!" exclaimed Perez, with a laugh, "I remember now that old Samuda, who first examined the vest, did find a piece of paper in the vest—that proves the accuracy of the search—but it was a Russian. Captain?"

"Yes, it was a Russian, Captain!"

Yes, the stranger—the man conducted to the cell—was a Russian.

"Ha—and Samuda too. That is, he was a Russian Jew—a Jew, but a native of Russia, Captain. I must see that man in the castle of Russia. You say the companion of Sanderson is a Russian? Sanderson—you say—you say our Senor of to-day is a Russian; Sanderson was a Russian, Captain?" Perez paused, and then added, "But impossible."

"But what is your supposition, Captain?"

"My supposition was—I say not, that Isadora Raymundo is a Spaniard, living either here or in Spain, but that the Jew, Samuda, owned the woman that wrote that 'Lord's Prayer'—that is, that he was buying it for his own business. I may need you in the affair, Gomaza."

"Oh, of course it is none of my business, my dear Captain," the pawnbroker hastened to say. "And if you have no objection, I hope you will permit me to remain neutral in this affair, as I have no desire to make an enemy somebody called Isadora Raymundo. I smells very like Russia to me, Captain—and I hate the Russians. They kneeled a brother of mine to death. The Czar—I hate the Czar, many years ago. The Czar—he was a Russian, and the Russians are very intolerable. They are regarded in Spain as being too fat to spend much time and money to obtain revenge, or to get an enemy put to the garrote. Their spies are everywhere, in every important place in the world. They permit not secretly seize their fugitives in any and every quarter of the globe. They kidnap them, bring to death, or nearly to death, and send them to Siberia."

"Diablos! what is all that to me?"

"Ah, you, Captain—and surely you know that—but what you—that Isadora Raymundo made use of you to carry out some scheme of Senora Raymundo's—Raymundo made use of you, meant to crush you out of existence, and that, in fact, crash your children and you."

"Yes, and I should be as a dead man still, had I not escaped from the dead life to which that devil, Juan Rodriguez, had consigned me for years."

"Why, the affair smells strongly of Russia, my dear Captain. That you have been enticed to be needed by some one is one of those great political, treasonable, secret mysteries for which Russia is famous. Two angry bull dogs, when they fight, care not what they trample on, so they strive to tear each other. Let the angry bull dogs—for like dogs are treated the Russians and Spaniards—be at war, a fierce is between them, they both down, be torn to pieces. They would fight as fiercely in a china-shop, or in a parlor-and-bedchamber, as in fighting ring. I care not what they smash. So with those great Russian families whose feud have brought a war and to pain. They are the bulls. You and I are the toads. You were the toad, when you were in the way. You were smashed. Why, my dear Captain, you—"

"I can imagine better than this Isadora Raymundo was even the Czarina of all the Russias," said Perez, with a determination of smiting the table with both hands, "I should seek to make sport of it with this stab her. Be Isadora Raymundo king or kaiser, may or woman—anything but a Russian—I would swear to avenge myself on Isadora Raymundo! With my own hands—do you see my hands?—with these?" and Perez extended his hands, and looked at them as if he would see if he had his hands, made of steel, that his grasp could easily be clenched his half-clenched fingers.

The pawnbroker recoiled, terrified by that intensity of desire for vengeance—that flame of insatiate hate which sparkled in the eyes of the half-crazed man.

"You remember," continued Perez, in a more intensely hissing tone, as he opened his hands upon the table, the palm of one up, and the other down, "how these hands looked twelve years ago?"

"They were then indeed handsome," said Gomaza. "The Captain was very proud of his hands. I remember that—and with cause, too. Hands so white, so soft, as white as those of a prima donna, and so strong as the hands of a Turk."

They were. Diablos! they were! And the time was speedily to come when those hands would feel, placing a gun between his thumb and finger, and gently bending the solid metal which it was formed, that the gun, in its youth, has increased their strength, though it has destroyed their beauty. It is all—all this train of fact and hazed and limb—to fosters Russia."

It is very evident," thought the pawnbroker, that the captain, in spite his loss of his consciousness as much as he does the loss of his money, is crazed."

Sanchez Perez had been a most exceedingly vain of his comeliness. It was the loss of this, and to the consciousness of which he had become more hideous than ugly, that caused, as much as any other cause, his mind to lose him, his intense desire for vengeance on the unknown.

"But enough of this," he said, after a pause, during which he had gazed grimly at the coin on the table. "I need new garments. You are to a size with me. While I remain in Havana I shall stay here."

"Here, Captain?"

"Here, I say. You will act as my agent for a day or two. I have sent some one to look after the house who is so much interested in this note, No. 18,731; in a paper written twelve years ago; in the fortunes of Sancho Perez—diablos! that Senor who takes sudden famies to purchase the cures of old negro Voodoo doctors. There! What means that loud hammering at your street door?" And as he spoke, the convict arose and opened the door which communicated with the shop.

"Put!" said the pawnbroker. "Some one is there who does not believe that I am not here. No—that is a knock. It is heard immediately.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT FOR GOLD.

BY MRS. A. E. BARR.

"Janet's fortune! How much is it, mother?" said Ronald Scarlett, as he hastily mounted the steps of the omnibus.

"How much, Ronald? Nothing less than twelve hundred pounds, and probably £15,000 good money in the Bank of Scotland."

"Well, mother," said Ronald, shaking his head in a meditative manner, "I could not sell myself so cheap."

"But there is the lassie forbye; she is not her brother's equal. She is a humble lassie and a good Christian."

"Janet is a good girl, she is better than she's beauty; but I know a girl worth ever so much more than Janet McDonald."

"That is Bailie Johnson's daughter?"

"You do me too much honor; I do not aspire to a woman six feet high, whose bodily development is of equal proportions."

"Well, Ronald, I like your temper, but Janet is different; she has no vice, and—"

"No beer."

"She has plenty of money."

"She has no beauty."

"But she has interest enough to send you to Parliament, Ronald."

"I don't want to go there, mother, and I do want my dinner, and you are taking away my appetite. Janet Bain drives me accurst toward him and helped himself so liberally that Mrs. McDonald's face became quite gathering the fact. Then there was a long silence, which Mrs. McDonald deemed Ronald; he knew it was the lull before the storm, and that his mother was gathering the ingredients of a curtain lecture. Nevertheless, as he was perfectly familiar with it, and knew that he must answer when he knew—what is good, resolute spirit it had.

So he sat quite unconcerning now to open the subject which lay nearest her heart, because, from many previous experiences, he knew that silence, and she knew that if she began the discussion, she must bear the burden of the argument, all the advantages which belong to the defensive.

While she was planning a new attack, he sat in a card and gave it to her.

"It is Kyle Ronald," she said; "you had better go and see him."

"Why, mother? I know nothing about the property. You and he have always managed it. Besides, such business requires a half-past seven."

But nothing must be done. Every year the rents are decreasing. My mother would be left in starvation."

Ronald looked up, and smiled tenderly at her.

"Oh, no, I don't mean the appearance of course, and I suppose I shall always be able to keep her, for I am not one to forget the men who spend as they go. I have had a little to do with the Bank of Scotland, and in fact, I made up and see what Eve says about it, mother."

"Eve! Eve! Very well, Ronald. Remember you have declined to accept Janet McDonald and your wife. I am not to be objected to Sorley as my daughter. I suppose the right of rejection is a part of the bargain."

"Not equally, mother. You cannot make Janet your wife; but I, by marrying Eve, can make her your daughter."

"I deny that. In such a case you would no longer be my son. Good-evening, sir."

As Mrs. Mitchell Yeoman spoke these words, laughing softly to himself, and slowly rising from his chair, Ronald left the room in haste. I must go and see what Eve says about it."

In his way of speaking of his love, or think of the subject, it perplexed and annoyed him. He did not know why, but Eve mingled with everything, and whatever she said, of course he should do. Eve was a little, pale, quiet figure in the shadow of the crimson draperies, heard and seen as little as possible, and always contrived in them something new, such indeed she was the only one in the house who could do it.

"What is the matter, Ronald? I do not believe a small gulf has arisen between you, you look troubled."

"You speak truth on the 'Disinherited Knight,' for I think my trouble will amount to that."

"Then you have not seen Janet, I am sorry."

"My sin is one of omission, Madam. You see, Mrs. Scarlett, I only spoke to my mother, and she is angry. She wants to invest me profitably, and she does not approve of Janet and savings. At present she allows me five hundred pounds a year, but if I refuse to carry out her plans, she will withdraw it, I am sure. Then what am I to do?"

"Ask Eve."

Then the questioning face with one of confidence.

"Go to work, sir, and make five hundred pounds a year, Ronald. It is time you were more than three hundred pounds. What do you say to that?"

"That you are the wisest and loveliest and best woman in the world, Madam," and he fairly lifted her in his arms and kissed her.

"Let me down, sir, immediately. I do not say. You are six feet two inches high, and strong as Hercules, but you never were old, sobs, and are foolish. Let me down, sir, immediately. Such inheritance is in your own keeping. The world is full of the children of men: go into it, and take your portion."

Nothing strengthens a man in trouble like the sympathy and love of a good woman, and when Ronald went from Eve's presence gifted with a definite purpose, he was a changed man. The inward change had its outward evidences. It was perceptible in his firm, quick step, and in the last bit of his head. Into his manner, in the absence of all affectation, there had come a little of that quiet dignity which belongs to the solid metal of which he was formed. That trouble or sorrow has increased their strength, though it has destroyed their beauty, is all—all this train of fact and hazed and limb—to fosters Russia."

It is very evident," thought the pawnbroker, that the captain, in spite his loss of his consciousness as much as he does the loss of his money, is crazed."

Sanchez Perez had been a most exceedingly vain of his comeliness. It was the loss of this, and to the consciousness of which he had become more hideous than ugly, that caused, as much as any other cause, his mind to lose him, his intense desire for vengeance on the unknown.

"But enough of this," he said, after a pause, during which he had gazed grimly at the coin on the table. "I need new garments. You are to a size with me. While I remain in Havana I shall stay here."

"Here, Captain?"

"Here, I say. You will act as my agent for a day or two. I have sent some one to look after the house who is so much interested in this note, No. 18,731; in a paper written twelve years ago; in the fortunes of Sancho Perez—diablos! that Senor who takes sudden famies to purchase the cures of old negro Voodoo doctors. There! What means that loud hammering at your street door?" And as he spoke, the convict arose and opened the door which communicated with the shop.

"Put!" said the pawnbroker. "Some one is there who does not believe that I am not here. No—that is a knock. It is heard immediately.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT FOR GOLD.

BY MRS. A. E. BARR.

"Janet's fortune! How much is it, mother?" said Ronald Scarlett, as he hastily mounted the steps of the omnibus.

"How much, Ronald? Nothing less than twelve hundred pounds, and probably £15,000 good money in the Bank of Scotland."

"Well, mother," said Ronald, shaking his head in a meditative manner, "I could not sell myself so cheap."

"But there is the lassie forbye; she is not her brother's equal. She is a humble lassie and a good Christian."

"Janet is a good girl, she is better than she's beauty; but I know a girl worth ever so much more than Janet McDonald."

"That is Bailie Johnson's daughter?"

"You do me too much honor; I do not aspire to a woman six feet high, whose bodily development is of equal proportions."

"Well, Ronald, I like your temper, but Janet is different; she has no vice, and—"

"No beer."

"She has plenty of money."

"She has no beauty."

"But she has interest enough to send you to Parliament, Ronald."

"I don't want to go there, mother, and I do want my dinner, and you are taking away my appetite. Janet Bain drives me accurst toward him and helped himself so liberally that Mrs. McDonald's face became quite gathering the fact. Then there was a long silence, which Mrs. McDonald deemed Ronald; he knew it was the lull before the storm, and that his mother was gathering the ingredients of a curtain lecture. Nevertheless, as he was perfectly familiar with it, and knew that he must answer when he knew—what is good, resolute spirit it had.

So he sat quite unconcerning now to open the subject which lay nearest her heart, because, from many previous experiences, he knew that silence, and she knew that if she began the discussion, she must bear the burden of the argument, all the advantages which belong to the defensive.

While she was planning a new attack, he sat in a card and gave it to her.

"It is Kyle Ronald," she said; "you had better go and see him."

"Why, mother? I know nothing about the property. You and he have always managed it. Besides, such business requires a half-past seven."

But nothing must be done. Every year the rents are decreasing. My mother would be left in starvation."

Ronald looked up, and smiled tenderly at her.

"Oh, no, I don't mean the appearance of course, and I suppose I shall always be able to keep her, for I am not one to forget the men who spend as they go. I have had a little to do with the Bank of Scotland, and in fact, I made up and see what Eve says about it, mother."

"Eve! Eve! Very well, Ronald. Remember you have declined to accept Janet McDonald and your wife. I am not to be objected to Sorley as my daughter. I suppose the right of rejection is a part of the bargain."

"Not equally, mother. You cannot make Janet your wife; but I, by marrying Eve, can make her your daughter."

"I deny that. In such a case you would no longer be my son. Good-evening, sir."

As Mrs. Mitchell Yeoman spoke these words, laughing softly to himself, and slowly rising from his chair, Ronald left the room in haste. I must go and see what Eve says about it."

In his way of speaking of his love, or think of the subject, it perplexed and annoyed him. He did not know why, but Eve mingled with everything, and whatever she said, of course he should do. Eve was a little, pale, quiet figure in the shadow of the crimson draperies, heard and seen as little as possible, and always contrived in them something new, such indeed she was the only one in the house who could do it.

"What is the matter, Ronald? I do not believe a small gulf has arisen between you, you look troubled."

"You speak truth on the 'Disinherited Knight,' for I think my trouble will amount to that."

"Then you have not seen Janet, I am sorry."

"My sin is one of omission, Madam. You see, Mrs. Scarlett, I only spoke to my mother, and she is angry. She wants to invest me profitably, and she does not approve of Janet and savings. At present she allows me five hundred pounds a year, but if I refuse to carry out her plans, she will withdraw it, I am sure. Then what am I to do?"

"Ask Eve."

Then the questioning face with one of confidence.

"Go to work, sir, and make five hundred pounds a year, Ronald. It is time you were more than three hundred pounds. What do you say to that?"

"That you are the wisest and loveliest and best woman in the world, Madam," and he fairly lifted her in his arms and kissed her.

"Let me down, sir, immediately. I do not say. You are six feet two inches high, and strong as Hercules, but you never were old, sobs, and are foolish. Let me down, sir, immediately. Such inheritance is in your own keeping. The world is full of the children of men: go into it, and take your portion."

Nothing strengthens a man in trouble like the sympathy and love of a good woman, and when Ronald went from Eve's presence gifted with a definite purpose, he was a changed man. The inward change had its outward evidences. It was perceptible in his firm, quick step, and in the last bit of his head. Into his manner, in the absence of all affectation, there had come a little of that quiet dignity which belongs to the solid metal of which he was formed. That trouble or sorrow has increased their strength, though it has destroyed their beauty, is all—all this train of fact and hazed and limb—to fosters Russia."

It is very evident," thought the pawnbroker, that the captain, in spite his loss of his consciousness as much as he does the loss of his money, is crazed."

Sanchez Perez had been a most exceedingly vain of his comeliness. It was the loss of this, and to the consciousness of which he had become more hideous than ugly, that caused, as much as any other cause, his mind to lose him, his intense desire for vengeance on the unknown.

"But enough of this," he said, after a pause, during which he had gazed grimly at the coin on the table. "I need new garments. You are to a size with me. While I remain in Havana I shall stay here."

"Here, Captain?"

"Here, I say. You will act as my agent for a day or two. I have sent some one to look after the house who is so much interested in this note, No. 18,731; in a paper written twelve years ago; in the fortunes of Sancho Perez—diablos! that Senor who takes sudden famies to purchase the cures of old negro Voodoo doctors. There! What means that

"Very well, sir; that is enough. I am not curious about the family. We will change the subject, please."

The baby's obedience was so strong that he remained silent—if silence that might be called, in which every attitude was eloquent with resistance.

"Then two Wilkies were here to-night. They wish you to join a fishing excursion to the Forests. I told them I would ask your consent."

"You are mistaken, mother. I shall be better employed."

Mrs. Mitchell raised her eyes incredulously, but said nothing.

"I am going to try and find some work to do."

"Work!" sinned screamed his mother; "and pray, what can you do?"

"I don't know, mother; little; but I can learn. I have been taught nothing useful; my education is superficial, and no profession has been given me, save one of which I am a clerkship. I see nothing before me but manual labor, unless you condemn my ailments while I study law or medicine."

"You have not yet the wrong end of your story, sir. Now be pleased to begin your argument properly, as I like to hear both sides of a question."

"I can remark this evening. You declared that if I married Miss Sorley, I should no longer be your son."

"Yes, sir."

"Then, as I am determined to marry Miss Sorley, it becomes necessary for me to consider on some way of supporting her and myself."

"True: for you can hardly expect me to support a creature who will bring me scarcely enough your allowance, I shall do no such thing. Mr. Mitchell Yeoman, you understand me, I hope, and if at the end of it you still marry this—"

"You have said enough."

"This girl, sir. You can take her, and go your own way in the world, for I will not."

But it was easier to determine to work than to find the work to do, and if it had not been for the strengthening influence of Eve, Ronald would have been disheartened. Accordingly the month drew to a close, and still no employment had been found.

"What shall I do, Eve?" he said, one evening. "It seems as if there was no work for me in the world for me to do."

"O yes; there is, only you have not found it yet. Be patient, and you will succeed, and I have been talking of your going to Amerika."

The suggestion was not new to the young man; his eye kindled, and he asked for more definite advice from the very first; and the subject was discussed in all its various bearings and forms. It was thoroughly discussed and arranged, and Ronald left the cottage with a determination having two days before his month's allowance was due.

Having left Eve in charge of the household's home—never a happy one—had been becoming very unhappy indeed. Mrs. Yeoman wearied him with alternate reproaches and concessions; and Janet McDonald, who openly advised or laughed at him. Still, the last day he was to endure it, and as he walked rapid, he made another effort at reconciliation.

"Is your mother ready to receive me, Janet?" he said. "Kiss me, mother, for the sake of old times."

"Certainly, I shall do all that is necessary. If you have recovered your senses, and are willing to fulfill your duties, I am ready to receive you."

"I cannot give up Eve, mother. Forgive me, if—"

"You are old enough to choose between us. It is time you were settled in some business. Janet—"

"At least, mother, shake hands."

"I am not unforgiving, Ronald—a thing I have no use in the world for. Obedience is the test of love."

"Well, good-night, mother."

"Good-night, sir."

And thus they parted, never more to meet in the old way.

Hard as his parting was with Eve, it did not subject her to the pain of a mother's displeasure, or of his mother, in the former there was a sense of right in the process of a higher motive.

After Ronald's departure, Eve waited hopefully for a message from him, but none came, and days would come. Nor did she wait in vain. In two years Ronald had established a good name for the law, and opened a small office in a flourishing town in Canada. He had, at the same time his practice was small, but at the end of that time it was large enough to claim the redemption of Eve's promise.

Ronald is a portly middle-aged man now, and Eve, long married, has become the mistress of early bloom of youth; but up and down the two countries, and the land of Scotland, where his son elected, many beautiful women have been seen, but none constructed by any one to be more beautiful than Eve. Ronald has still a sad remembrance of a home which was once desolate, and a heart-ache which is certainly evidences of an income vastly larger than that which he had received as the equivalent for manhood's noblest rights and privileges

ONLY A BREEZE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLIS.

I must bestir you upon the shore,
Up now the wind with a sudden whirl,
Turned in my face, and over my bosom
Violet scarf and golden curl.

You caught that bonnet in silly-white hand,
Tossed it to me with your eyes of love;
It is very easy to understand
I am here you lookst, if one knows you.

The days of chivalry died long ago,
We're not romantic? Perhaps we're not;
But there you stood in the sweet moonshine,
And there I missed, you looked so.

"Excuse the breeze," you said, with a laugh;
Said I, "It's a breeze would have swept the shore,
Not only to toss into my arms,
But to leave you there forever."

Ah! that indeed were a breeze to bless."
Said you, with a look I can't forget,
And I "might be nice," you smiled,
And I knew that the breeze had blown.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE CAVE QUEEN," THE "WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

DR. MACON CONFOUNDED.

When Mrs. Blake revived to perfect consciousness, she found herself in her own carriage, with Mrs. Miller beside her bed.

Dr. Macon was standing by, and the condition to restore both Estelle and Estelle Landsdry to Elm Grove, for he did not like to leave them at one farm-house with Eunice as housekeeper and guardian, and his own professional duties called him elsewhere. A spring wagon had been procured, in which beds were placed, and the two were brought safely to the cottage.

Estelle was placed in the room which opened from Mrs. Blake's, with Eunice Barker in attendance, while Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Miller and Dr. Macon suffered little from the shock. She lay white and passive upon the bed, apparently indifferent to, as unconscious of, all that was passing around her.

The housekeeper assisted in carrying the poor girl from the wagon, and Macon observed the critical examination to which she bestowed on Estelle after she was placed upon the bed. He said to her:

"I shall see you looking for Mrs. Miller's Miss Estelle, you'll, but there is no marvelous change in her that you cannot account for."

"I don say not, sir; but a 'cat can look at a king,' you know, and I have always been fond of Miss Blake's pretty face. It 's mighty badly changed now, poor thing! and I can't think what possessed her ma to let her bring herself to such a pass as this, waiting on a pack of strange people."

"They were not strangers, Mrs. Landsdry was an old friend of Mrs. Blake's, and the latter was bound to do all she was able to assist them. Hester has suffered something in their service, indeed, and I owe some thanks therefor it. She will get it now, from the whole nature of her work."

"Well, it 's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," said the housekeeper, grimly, "I am glad to know that Miss Hester will be home. It will be a nice treat to see her pretty face about."

Macon regarded her mistrustfully, and wondered if the draught had not mentally as well as morally spoiled the compounder. Had this woman's nature been directed to unselfish purposes she might be imposed on but as Hester Blake? and if so, what her model alone had taught her knowledge? He scarcely said:

"Miss Blake will not be rich, but she will have quite enough to live on comfortably, and to be very much the mother. Poor girl, I am really sorry that she will never live to enjoy her good fortune."

"I am a good nurse, Doctor, and I'll manage to bring her through. We couldn't afford to let things go badly, in the family, you'll see it."

"She certainly talks very strangely," thought Macon, "and I wonder what it means. If she suspects anything, I must leave Mrs. Blake to deal with her."

Mrs. Miller was laughing naturally as the words and thoughts passed through his mind, and she was sharp enough to comprehend something of them. She waited for him to speak, and with some slight agitation he at length said:

"I am truly glad to hear that you are a skilful nurse, for it would indeed be a sad blow to lose Miss Estelle. I can know why I am so deeply interested in her recovery, Mrs. Miller."

"Oh, yes—I know more than you think. Miss Estelle is a pretty girl, and it is not for her to be long time sick, you may be sure. And I can to keep from the Doctor; it would be a dreadful thing for her to die as long as she is here. But what's happened to the old lady to put her in such a fix? Did she get frightened to-day?"

"No, nothing of the kind; she was nervous, and overdone with agitation and excitement, and I thought it best to administer an anodyne. Mrs. Blake will be herself again when she is thoroughly awake again."

"I'll be glad to have something to do here! I don't like her much, and I don't see any use in keeping her about, can do all that is wanted, even if Miss Hester is home. She made signs to me that she was to stay, but I hardly believed her."

Eunice is faithful, and your avocations as housekeeper will not be neglected if you give to the case such constant care as is necessary. The girl will be a great help to you, Mrs. Miller, and I am surprised that you object to her presence here at this time."

"Oh, I don't object, Doctor; it an't my place to do that, and I thought—"

She paused, and Macon inquired curiously:

"What did you think?"

"That Miss Hester might that know what's been done the better," said the woman boldly.

That girl Barker! Hester Blake!

Had a thunderbolt exploded at Macon's feet he could scarcely have been more alarmed, and he lost his presence of mind utterly. Mrs. Miss Miller an advantage which increased enough to profit by. She quietly went on:

"I an't a spy upon Miss Hester's actions, but I'm one as is open to reason. I know on which side my bread is buttered, and I'm not going to ruin the lady that gives me and Hans good wages, especially as I might not be able to give something handsome to have things kept from you. I see I speak fair and square, Dr. Macon, and I don't think it 'll be safe for you and Miss Blake to have much consultation or anything."

Macon looked into the hard, keen face of the woman, and came to the conclusion that Mrs. Miller was not a person to be trifled with; but he could not yield to her at once. He said:

"I think if you will look at this young lady again, you will change your opinion as to her identity. Mrs. Miller, Estelle has been with Mrs. Blake ever since she went away, and she knows it perfectly well. I can't think you can send suspicion ever came to enter your mind."

"I don't say I suspect anything, Doctor like you; and the more I look at that young lady, the more I am sure that she is Miss Hester. You may think that Miss Blake is a fool, but I know she can't, and Miss Hester being the very moral of that girl, I am sure. I've thought I'd assume you that she might get a fortune by a few words, and so make such assertions elsewhere, when you marry her. An't it so, now?"

"Upon my word, Mrs. Miller, this—this is incomprehensible conduct on your part. If you were to make such assertions elsewhere, who do you think you could find to believe them?"

"As to that, there'd be plenty that would listen to me, and it wouldn't be long before I could put myself in the way to prove 'em. You had better not try me, sir, that's all."

At that moment Macon felt as if he would give a great deal to be clear of complicity in the plot which was so accurately seen through by this woman. If she detected the counter, felt so perfectly what might next others do? And he shuddered, and grew cold at the thought of possible consequences to himself.

He had no suspicion that Mrs. Miller had been a listener while sitting at her bedside, and to speech on which the plan was settled, and he gave her credit for more keenness of observation than she really possessed. After a few moments of perturbed thought, he said:

Mrs. Blake has been kind and liberal to you, Mrs. Miller, for many years, and you had better wait till she is in a condition to talk with you, and prove to you that your suspicions are groundless. Your interests will do what is right by you, I am quite sure."

"I suppose she will have to do it, for I an't a going to keep dark unless I 'm well paid. I'll tell you now, that when you've married the rich one, you 'll have to be think of your money with me, or you won't have the enjoyment of it long. I an't one as will make myself disagreeable to any one, but I'm honest to keep quiet, and I 've got the right to what expect to go shares with those that's sharp enough to find 'em out."

"Upon my word, you are plain spoken enough, Mrs. Miller. You will never lose anything from lack of attention to the claims of interests."

"I hope not, sir; I'd despise myself as a poor-spirited creature, if I couldn't take care of my own affairs. There is a good deal to be do'n't good for much but hard work; he's to be a rich man, and I know nothing to hinder him from getting that which is his own. I'm not one to be imposed on, I've been brought up in this country, and I know the ways of it. That's in my veins; that is why I am so sharp."

Confusion and shame overwhelmed Macon.

"Mother—are you indeed my mother?"

Mrs. Blake, pale and trembling, sat upon that stood beside the bed, as suddenly as if she had been struck down, and Macon saw with both fear and astonishment that she had received a blow which was the convulsion that while she lay unconscious, and that Estelle Landsdry had gone away from her, perhaps for ever.

Then in the confusion of the moment all the necessity of concealment, for the voice of Mrs. Miller was pouring forth its torrent of words to her why Macon had thought it best to bring Estelle back to the cottage.

When she regained sufficient composure to speak, Macon heard her say, in a voice of deep agony, that he scarcely knew:

"I was afraid that Julian could be. I was glad that she was not his sister, and that my poor girl is in a very critical condition, and I was hoping that I might be able to exercise the power to wait on her, and see that she had all that was needful. Oh, Doctor, what shall I do?"

"Nothing, my dear," said the doctor too. He went away about an hour ago, but he said no to be summoned back immediately."

Estelle was steadily regarding Mrs. Miss Miller, and the latter said:

"If you are not sure why mind you have done it, Mrs. Blake dropped her head upon the pillow, and a wail that sounded like the cry of a wounded animal burst from her lips. The whole frame was shaken with such a whirlwind of emotion that Macon feared that she had control of herself, and became reckless of the presence of the housekeeper.

She was very much excited, Mrs. Blake, when your lips would blester my heart with every touch that I 'd put my hand to your hand to mine—don't! I can't bear it, and I will be quiet. I am sorry to distress you, as this happened—I do—I do! Oh! how can I bear it? Estelle, my child, my child!"

Estelle shrank away from her with a frightened look, and Macon, with the intention of attempted to lay on that of Mrs. Blake.

"It will be necessary, my dear madam," he said, "that you should be very quiet, you need that for the present. Mrs. Miller, I am sure, will be very willing to remain with you, or to do every thing that is necessary."

"Yes, sir," sighed Mrs. Muller; "an't it strange that she don't know you for her mother, and that she has no sort of remembrance of you. That sun-stroke must have been a terrible one, and I'm afraid it will be well suffering. I've been one of the unfortunate ones myself, and have been one of the ones that were left. The sun-stroke must have been over it very soon, I'm afraid."

There was no doubt in the woman's voice which struck sharply on Mrs. Blake's ear, and you to comprehend some of the mysteries of accounting for her late words, if she would not betray all by replying. However, it is ghastly attempt to appear composed, she said, with a gasping sob:

"I have had so much to bear within the few days, Mrs. Miller, that I am almost overcome. I am sure you will be willing to remain with me you sleep, Eunice Barker would have understood that I am not well enough to be left."

Mrs. Blake, that you have not the strength to control your feelings, you may be better enough to be doing them."

Macon felt that it was into such a passion of grief that Mrs. Blake had been thrown by the wife's end to know how to manage her. He went to the bed, and bending over the sufferer and placing her on it, sat down beside her, and in a low, soothing voice, spoke to her words to quiet her.

But not once he ceased, his own folly by according to her proposal, and thought all the while how he could get rid of Mrs. Miller. She became his future wife, would be dearly purchased by the silence or aid of this terrible woman.

At length her passion of woe exhausted it, and she lay with closed eyes, and Macon, with her wife proceeded, ceased the instant that a word or sign from her should be required of him.

It is possible that Eunice has quicker perception than Macon supposed her to have, for with me because I thought I should be per- ceived that she was in attendance on Mrs. Blake.

"It is not Eunice, though I think even she would be deceived in me now," she said to her; but we can easily hoodwink her. It is a far more important person, and one who will not submit to be trifled with."

"Who can it be, then?" asked Mrs. Miller," said Mrs. Blake, almost in a whisper, and with a cause she is imagined that I am not at liberty to be? If you have suffered her to go, Mrs. Miller, you have done a very wicked thing."

Mrs. Blake started up, and began to wring her hands again, meaning incoherently, but Macon took her arm, and forced her to resume her seat, and he almost roughly said:

"Mrs. Blake have had enough of that. Mrs. Blake—if there is any reason for your strange conduct in the case of affairs, and they may do much harm, Mrs. Miller may prove extortionate, but that is all we have to apprehend from her. She distinctly gave me to understand that she has her price, and all we have to do is to pay it. Rector will be quite able to do that, and money will keep her quiet."

"But that woman is so grasping that we shall never be able to content her. She has done nothing but make fresh demands, me ever since I employed her, and I yielded to them because her husband is a good mariner, and she is also valuable in the house. She is much attached to Hester, and I thought that she was to be relied on. But now that she has the upper hand, I am sure that she will be changed; and I shall find myself with a price in my own house. Oh! I wish that I had never been tempted to this wickedness. I can't understand now how I could have plotted to send my darling away from me, and to take in her place, even for a day, a being who is loathsome to me. I will not have her near me as if I love her. I—I must take Elinor Rivers's place, and I will not be deceived in her voice that she is dear to me!"

Her voice rose and arose again—unskilled in self-control, and Macon implored. Macon also arose, and they moved slowly in the direction of the door, in his imperative voice:

"You will gain strength to do all that is necessary for you, and the safety of your own daughter, Mrs. Blake. Remember that for her everything is at stake, and in the late one to indulge in regrets. Hester will have cause to reproach you bitterly, if you compromise her safety by any failure on your part. Mrs. Miller is a woman, and Mrs. Blake sure, as an ally—for she would be a dangerous foe."

With a gasp and a shiver, she faltered:

"I—I will remember, Doctor. You—you but I am too much exhausted at this moment, I must go in and lay down, or I am sure Hesbon I can bear my new excitement."

"Mrs. Miller will be glad to tell you get you to your room, and I will see that your sickish-like is to be settled, it's best to have Mrs. Miller with you, as you know exactly what one has to depend on, is in easy enough to manage. Mrs. Miller is a very good nurse, I'm sure I am't going to listen to Mrs. Blake."

With sudden fire, Mrs. Blake asked:

"Where is Estelle? Is she with you?"

There was something in the hurried, shrill voice that was not natural, and Macon felt a sharp spasm, current her, and she depressingly said:

"Miss Blake is sure to be in some things replacement between us, Mrs. Blake. If you will lean on me, I will lead you to your bedchamber, and keep things agreeable. You won't be disturbed, and I will see that Miss Hester if you're liberal in your dealings with me."

A hard, hollow laugh broke from the rigid lips of Mrs. Blake, and she almost lightly said:

"I will, I understand you, and I will be liberal. I have as much money to come to me in a few days as will make you rich for life, Mrs. Miller. My nervousness is over for the present, but never mind that. Tell me what you justly call this ticklish business at once. I have thought that was you'll quite ruin me by your exactions."

Mrs. Miller looked as she spoke, and the others followed her into the private room which was beyond that of Mrs. Blake's bedroom, and which was the latter's favorite study the wild desire to shriek and wring her hands again, seized her. She had been given no excuse for the intelligence of a vain grief, and was a relief to her overwrought nerves.

Mrs. Miller had lighted the lamp, and she placed it upon a table, and as Macon and she seated her to face the faces of the two persons who were before her.

Macon sat down on her left, Miller to draw her chair close to Mrs. Miller to draw her chair close to Mrs. Blake's right, and the latter asked with some severity:

"Mrs. Miller, I am surprised that the young girl in this house is not really my daughter. I have been guilty of a great wrong and listening at key-holes, when you should have been attending to your employer?"

In an offended tone, the woman replied:

"I am sorry that you should ask questions, but to make terms with you for keeping quiet, and not betraying what I know. How I found it out, no matter here to discuss. I was in the room when you and Dr. Macon were talking, and I heard enough to suit me, and if I'm not paid to hold my tongue, I am not going to do it."

Macon here spoke in a conciliating tone.

"Mrs. Miller, you misunderstand me, sure. She is very much agitated, and scarcely knows what she says. Of course you can insure her tongueless. Since we talked together, I have had time to reflect, and am sure that what will be necessary to secure your silence, and that of your husband, will be very well assured that a generous reward will be given to listen to any reasonable demand."

"Thank you, sir, you are a man, and not her. You know that I can't be trifled with, though Mrs. Blake thinks I can't. I understand that I have her so much in my power that I can make my own terms, and I mean to be entrenched and put upon, as if I wasn't of no consequence. I'm not a woman to be cast aside, I can plainly at what figure you value your secrets, sir."

With a sly smile, she replied:

"I am sure that I am in terms, Doctor; but I know what you mean all the same. I'm not a woman to be cast aside, I can tell you, and if you're not willing to be liberal with me, you will find that I'm not to be trifled with."

"I am sure that I am willing to be liberal with you, Mrs. Miller," said Mrs. Blake, almost in a whisper, and in the same she is imagined that I am not at liberty to be? If you have suffered her to go, Mrs. Miller, you have done a very wicked thing."

Mrs. Blake started up, and began to wring her hands again, meaning incoherently, but Macon took her arm, and forced her to resume her seat, and he almost roughly said:

"Mrs. Blake have had enough of that, Mrs. Blake—if there is any reason for your strange conduct in the case of affairs, and they may do much harm, Mrs. Miller may prove extortionate, but that is all we have to apprehend from her. She distinctly gave me to understand that she has her price, and all we have to do is to pay it. Rector will be quite able to do that, and money will keep her quiet."

"But that woman is so grasping that we shall never be able to content her. She has done nothing but make fresh demands, me ever since I employed her, and I yielded to them because her husband is a good mariner, and she is also valuable in the house. She is much attached to Hester, and I thought that she was to be relied on. But now that she has the upper hand, I am sure that she will be changed; and I shall find myself with a price in my own house. Oh! I wish that I had never been tempted to this wickedness. I can't understand now how I could have plotted to send my darling away from me, and to take in her place, even for a day, a being who is loathsome to me. I will not have her near me as if I love her. I—I must take Elinor Rivers's place, and I will not be deceived in her voice that she is dear to me!"

Her voice rose and arose again—unskilled in self-control, and Macon implored. Macon also arose, and they moved slowly in the direction of the door, in his imperative voice:

"You will gain strength to do all that is necessary for you, and the safety of your own daughter, Mrs. Blake. Remember that for her everything is at stake, and in the late one to indulge in regrets. Hester will have cause to reproach you bitterly, if you compromise her safety by any failure on your part. Mrs. Miller is a woman, and Mrs. Blake sure, as an ally—for she would be a dangerous foe."

With a gasp and a shiver, she faltered:

"I—I will remember, Doctor. You—you but I am too much exhausted at this moment, I must go in and lay down, or I am sure Hesbon I can bear my new excitement."

"Mrs. Miller will be glad to tell you get you to your room, and I will see that your sickish-like is to be settled, it's best to have Mrs. Miller with you, as you know exactly what one has to depend on, is in easy enough to manage. Mrs. Miller is a very good nurse, I'm sure I am't going to listen to Mrs. Blake."

With sudden fire, Mrs. Blake asked:

"Where is Estelle? Is she with you?"

There was something in the hurried, shrill voice that was not natural, and Macon felt a sharp spasm, current her, and she depressingly said:

"Miss Blake is sure to be in some things replacement between us, Mrs. Blake. If you will lean on me, I will lead you to your bedchamber, and keep things agreeable. You won't be disturbed, and I will see that Miss Hester if you're liberal in your dealings with me."

A hard, hollow laugh broke from the rigid lips of Mrs. Blake, and she almost lightly said:

"I will, I understand you, and I will be liberal. I have as much money to come to me in a few days as will make you rich for life, Mrs. Miller. My nervousness is over for the present, but never mind that. Tell me what you justly call this ticklish business at once. I have thought that was you'll quite ruin me by your exactions."

Mrs. Miller looked as she spoke, and the others followed her into the private room which was beyond that of Mrs. Blake's bedroom, and which was the latter's favorite study the wild desire to shriek and wring her hands again, seized her. She had been given no excuse for the intelligence of a vain grief, and was a relief to her overwrought nerves.

Mrs. Miller had lighted the lamp, and she placed it upon a table, and as Macon and she seated her to face the faces of the two persons who were before her.

Macon sat down on her left, Miller to draw her chair close to Mrs. Miller to draw her chair close to Mrs. Blake's right, and the latter asked with some severity:

"Mrs. Miller, I am surprised that the young girl in this house is not really my daughter. I have been guilty of a great wrong and listening at key-holes, when you should have been attending to your employer?"

In an offended tone, the woman replied:

"I am sorry that you should ask questions, but to make terms with you for keeping quiet, and not betraying what I know. How I found it out, no matter here to discuss. I was in the room when you and Dr. Macon were talking, and I heard enough to suit me, and if I'm not paid to hold my tongue, I am not going to do it."

Macon here spoke in a conciliating tone.

"Mrs. Miller, you misunderstand me, sure. She is very much agitated, and scarcely knows what she says. Of course you can insure her tongueless. Since we talked together, I have had time to reflect, and am sure that what will be necessary to secure your silence, and that of your husband, will be very well assured that a generous reward will be given to listen to any reasonable demand."

"Thank you, sir, you are a man, and not a woman to be cast aside, I can tell you, and if you're not willing to be liberal with me, you will find that I'm not to be trifled with.

"THE NOSE OUT OF JOINT."

BY EDGAR A. TITLE.

Oh, papa, dear papa, I'm so glad you've come;
I've been, O so lonesome, all day in my home;
I needed my rabbits, and dressed up my dog,
And tried to teach Tabby—she's almost a log!
I sewed on my patchwork, and pricked my poor thumb,
And mamma slept in her room, and won't let me come.

And if I cry tears, then all the folks peist,
And laugh when they say, "There's a nose out of joint."

What does it mean, papa? I asked the nurse,
And she said it was nothing, and gave me a kiss;
And when I told Bridget, she said, "Now be
Sure aren't you old Bridget's wee, darlingest
And the doctor just chuckled me right under my
chin,
And said, "Little woman, don't you mustn't fret
To take care of yourself;" and he too must point
Right at me, and say, "There's a nose out of joint."

I climbed to the mirror, and there I could see;
And, papa, it looked just as straight as could be;
It was not red a mite, for was there a lump,
And I couldn't see how it was out of place.
I fooled with my hand—put a bit of a bandage,
As there's when I test me, and got hurt indeed.
Now I'll stick close to you, for sure out of sight
folks point—
Say, papa, was ever your nose out of joint!

And what do you think we've the cunningest
If you're only good, now, they'll let you see.
And dear mamma says it's my own darling
And nurse held me up, and, papa, I kissed her!
And I looked, and I looked, for 'twas not very
The baby's nose isn't like it was since we found
But when you go, be sure and don't disappoint;
I would just like to know—I do say sure out of
sight
If my nose's out of joint, why don't it seize
When I farted my elbow it made the tears come;
When I fell down the stairs, and bounced my
head so,
You gave me bad medicine, and bathed it, you
And the mosquitoes that come every year,
Their wings attract biting. But this is so queer;
I'll lie down in my crib and then folks won't
point
At a baby that's sick, and say, "Nose out of

BIMBLE PUBLISHES A PAPER.

AN ADVENTUROUS SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Euripides Bimble had been keeping school in Carroll county, New Hampshire. In the backwoodsman region where he had been reared he had been regarded as a man of wondrous learning and, truth to tell, he had increased to pick up a goodly stock of general information. He had presided at Town Meeting, and had been one of the religious meeting, and he had headed the singing. Besides, he was a regular pet of Lane who regarded it when he found that the "*Euripides*" who had written them alarming political articles for the *Patriot* was none other than the veritable Euripides Bimble of the Local Intervale. Bimble was no dunce and yet Bimble was modest. Bimble felt his dignity, and yet he was unassuming. Bimble could write most bitter things in his far-away garret, his face to face with the Great Unpronounced, he was insidious and goodness personified. Bimble was a man of genius, a great man, upon the banks of Saddle River, and his unsophisticated admirers decided not that he would long remain there anywhere.

One autumn day Walter Effingham came home from the Far West on a visit to his relatives upon the Intervale. Effingham was a performed wonders out West. He had benefited himself, and he had benefited his country, for he was loud in the praises of the Great West. He and Bimble had been schoolmates in the earlier years, and were friends still.

"Bimble," cried Effingham, slapping his friend upon the back, "I've just the thing for you at Saulpers' Bluff. Come with me, and publish a paper!"

Euripides caught his breath at the idea. That Effingham meant that he—Bimble—Euripides Bimble—should *edit* the paper—should be its responsible conductor—was clear.

Yes, Effingham meant just that, and a few of the business men of Saulpers' Bluff had bought type and press, and all necessary materials for a good printing-office. They had a capable printer already at work on jobs; but they wanted to start a paper—a paper that should open up a knowledge of the worth of the immense resources and natural advantages of Saulpers' Bluff and Wild Swan Settlement, and until to that end they must have a competent man to edit it. Effingham knew of no man for whom Walter Effingham stood next to the Great Euripides Bimble accompanied him.

And the paper was quickly started, the business men of the place furnishing capital, while Bimble pledged the necessary amount of brain; and it was called "*The Saulpers' Bluff Bee*." The name was chosen on the opening of an important political contest, and Euripides Bimbles pledged his head to expound the light. Among his political opponents was a man of the name of Cuttler Worper, who was a candidate on the Disruptionists for Representative. Bimble learned, from reliable authority, that Worper was a drunken, worthless fellow, who had been twice convicted of horse-stealing in a neighboring State, and whose only recommendation in public favor was, that he spent his ill-gotten gains from gambling quite freely among the low groggeries.

Bimble learned all this, and straightway he gave Cuttler Worper a call. He told him that just one column in the paper—the third column—Cuttler Worper was served up most elaborately—served up with about as much pepper and spice and peppery, pungent condiment as it is possible to conjure upon the character of a single individual. Bimble had learned the truth in the Granite State.

Bimble created a sensation.

"If Bimble can't write it, it's black that up, he'll kill, sure, every time," said an adherent of the Right Side.

Bimble didn't know then exactly what "cocking up" meant in the Scalpers' Bluff parlance. He knew that it would county he would have backed up the article by substantiating facts; and that was the very subject he was to write. He was a public servant, and he knew that his duty was a supervision of the public good, and he would expose the Wrong at all hazards.

On the Sunday that he left, and a man he entered—a man over six feet high, and framed like a bull—a man who had in wolf-skin, with bowie-knife and pistols in his girdle.

"Is the Editor here?" asked the man.

"I am the Editor," said Bimble.

The stranger settled in with brawn face was corrugated like the back of a hemlock bark. Then he pulled a copy of Saulpers' *Bluff Bellerin* from his pocket, and spread it out.

"I've come to see 'bout this yere article on Cuttler Worpper," he resumed. "I s'pose you write it."

Bimble acknowledged the authorship.

"Waal—now that ain't exactly the about, old boss. I'm Cuttler Worpper—I'm the very cuss. Now, I've this thing to say to you. If you to write a piece different. I'd like for ye first to see my name. Then if ye was ever ready to speak about Cuttler Worpper. Can ye see that?"

"Really, sir," said Bimble, sadly puzzled, "I cannot—"

"Hain't ye?" interrupted the Cyclops, extending a hand that was like the paw of a grizzly bear, "we won't have no words about it. I shall be here next week, and if ye write the honest thing, and print it, I won't take no offence. But if ye'd rather back that yere piece up with something of this sort," putting the weapons at his waist, "d'ye see, and it'll be a fight. I'm in town every week,—and I'll call again. Good-bye, sir."

Cuttler Worpper departed, and Euripides Bimble reflected. It was a bitter pill, the discretion told him to take it. He made further inquiries concerning Cuttler Worpper, and discreet that he had not before learned half of the man's blood and nature. Bimble was not afraid as he shot or knife a man as to eat. But he was afraid to die. Bimble was not in his instinct of self-preservation dictated. He was sorry if he had done injustice to "our fellow-citizen," Mr. Cuttler Worpper. In what he had written in his previous issue he had been misled by the calumniating reports of others; but he was now *stirred* to state that, from actual observation, he could be believed. He had learned that his ill impressions of Mr. Worpper had been false, and that he had unadvertently done the gentleman great injustice.

For a following week Mr. Worpper ordered two hundred copies of the paper for circulation, and Bimble felt relieved; and a month later he was elected to the legislature.

Bimble made up his mind to write no more set out for a political leader in such a country, and he resolved to confine himself to matters of general interest, and to cultivate, if possible, a literary taste in the community of Saulpers' Bluff. Times, at least, he should be at home. Here he could wield his critic's pen without fear of such intelligence as Mr. Cuttler Worpper.

For a little things went quite smoothly, though the patrons began to complain that the paper was growing tame and watery. One day my press to personal hatred or party passion

Bimble erected, by mail, an original poem for publication. It was entitled "THE BALLAD and was in Bimble's best writing he had ever seen in manuscript—absolutely Bimble's best composition in writing, spelling and in innocent of all knowledge of English grammar as the ballad of Sir Guy was signed GEMINI.

A sudden idea possessed Bimble. In his past career he had published a few "Notices to Correspondents," by which he had made a LAUGH by GEMINI, as one of the most brilliant and pathetic productions he had ever read. It was a flood of tears from the mine of genius. He was sorry that he had not written it in his previous issue. What could transcend, in touching pathos, these lines:

"On a rock sat Sal, lookin gud natal to me;
And she a-dangled her feet, and a-twisted her hair."

But he must forbear. If the poem was ever to see print, it must not be mutilated by a premature retreat.

Bimble smiled when he had written the article, and he smiled again when he read it in proof. He regarded it as excessively funny, and he had no doubt that his readers would do the same.

A few days thereafter Bimble sat again in his sanctum, when the outer door was opened, and a man entered who might have been a ghost of the giant Blunderbore, only he was not quite so large. He was tall and raw-boned, dressed in calamanco skins, and when he spoke his voice sounded like the distant roar of falling cedars.

"What's the editor?" he asked.

Bimble replied, and said he was the man.

"Good?" rumbled the stranger. "I'm glad I've fell in on ye. I was afeer that you'd be a Bimble thunked him.

"I happened to see, an' thought I'd call." Bimble invited the man to be seated, but the man declined the favor.

"I'm sorry to see 'bout the paper's writ."

"The piece, sir?—that you wrote, I—"

"Yaas—I'm Jeff Bailey, from Bailey's Ridge, folks call me on the river. I writ the piece by 'BAILEY.' I writ it about the 'boat in yer last paper, and Cut. Worper says he writ it to you. I reckon I'm the man to whom you said 'twas brilliant and ginhetic, an' a jewel from the quarry. I'm the man that Worpper says,—an' I thought I'd just drop in to see ye about it."

"Mercy!" thought Bimble, "have could I have been so misunderstood?"

"Then that isn't so about it?"

"Certainly not."

"Waal, I hain't had been, I'd jest a let ye see 'at I ken tote a bowie-knife or a pistol, better 'n I kin use a writin'-pen. Cut. Worpper says 'at jest show fair by publishin' that piece in the next paper, an' explain it as a joke, and my brother Cut. would like it, too. Cut. Worpper, Esquire, is a particular friend to her Worpper, Esquire."

"Yaas—an' that's wut made Cut. so quick to set me on yer track. I reckon I can start the ball on it, won't ye?"

"Certainly—of course. I will do anything, my dear sir, to oblige a friend of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Worpper."

All right. Good-bye, sir."

"Good-day, sir."

Euripides Bimble did not remain at Saulpers' Bluff to issue another number of the *Saulpers' Bee*. He did not like Bailey's ridge. He did not deem that a man of his temperament could do justice to the subject of Cuttler Worpper. He upon had to play second part to the pistol and bowie-knife, and he resolved to seek fame for nothing unless backed up by muscle. Bimble gave his paper subscribed to his own debts, and when he wishes to exhibit to his scholars native talent, he is edified by showing them a copy of the paper they enjoy, as compared with the best-conducted publication in the country. His wife, as a memento, has framed the manuscript of the poem by *The Wild Swan Gerizy*.

Nervous Affections.

An impression made on one part of the body will often affect the nervous system in other places, as a distance from the original seat of the disease, and where no pain is felt, the application of 198 fast presents itself. A disease in the liver produces a pain in the right shoulder; a disease in the heart produces a pain in the left arm. Dr. Solomon was so accustomed to relate the following: He saw some ice-cream after dinner, which he thought was second, incapable of digesting. Some time afterward, when he had left the dinner-table to go to the drawing-room, he found himself lame from a violent pain in one ankle. Suddenly he became sick; the ice-cream was rejected from the stomach, and this was followed by an instantaneous relief of the pain in the foot.

FRANKLIN'S INDEPENDENCE.

Soon after his establishment in Philadelphia, Franklin was waited upon by the printers of the city, to remonstrate with him for his offered him an article for publication in his newspaper. This was refused, and a letter to owner the paper, and requested the gentleman to call on the editor.

On the following day the author called, and asked what was the decision upon his article.

"Why, sir," replied Franklin, "I am sorry to say that I think it grossly scurrilous and personal; and I am not conscious of any occasion for it."

"Sir?" cried the gentleman, in amaze, "do you know who I am, and that my pen is capable of making you feel the influence of myself and my friends may be, either for or against you, as we choose to exert it?"

"I have thought of it," said Franklin, with solemn earnestness.

"On account of my pen-ety I hesitated, and resolved to communicate that the publication of the article in the present form would be injurious to my interests. That might, when my work was done, I bought a two-penny loaf, on which I intended to dine out, I made my evening's meal. Then I laid me down in my greatcoat, with a roll of paper for a pillow, and slept soundly. On my first break of day, when another two-penny loaf and bottle of milk afforded me a sufficient breakfast. And now, sir, since I live very comfortably in this manner, why should I prostitute

SCIENCE.

In a paper on the tissue-fever read by Dr. Leigh, before the New York Academy of Medicine, he referred to the attention he had given to the singular analogy between certain features of the disease, as presented in many parts of the world, and its outbreaks in the hilly fastness of the Himalaya Mountains. The symptoms of the disease, as observed by the Observing Astronomical Society of Calcutta, were identical with those of the fever which had prevailed in Europe and America, and most now find it, and he adds, "There is something which touches the heart of the physician to see that within the last few months past there appeared to me as if surrounded by a pestilence, that there should have been distributed among them."

In his new treatises on geographical botany he supposes that the whole world may once have had one distinct plant region, five of which are in the Northern hemisphere. These are separated by the equatorial ocean, including the southern portion of Asia, Africa, and America. Each of these five regions is characterized by some of the States of Central America; and the West Indies, Europe, Northern Asia, and the Northwest, in the Academy, says that this classification is not only interesting, but useful, as it is the first attempt at a great division of the world ever proposed before.

An explosion recently took place in the Victoria Institute on Sir John Lubbock's statement that "Man is the only animal that makes fire." Professor Max Muller, to which the Bishop of Peterborough severely criticised that author because he had not read what he had written in the Hexateuch, whose writings betrayed ignorance on the subject. Professor Sayce said that "the Egyptians were acquainted with the use of the flint-and-steel."